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NOT ALL THE BRISK TALK about team work and cooperation is going to obscure for long the fundamental conflict inherent in the administration of the Industrial Recovery Act. That conflict is none other than our old friend the class struggle. Sharper and clearer the issue is being drawn. On one side is labor, glimpsing an opportunity to reestablish the power of the unions, to bargain collectively, to salt away gains in wages and hours—labor, not revolutionary but very desperate, hungry after lean years during which unemployment has drained its membership and its treasuries. On the other side are the employers, lean and hungry too, in many cases; eager for rescue from failure or dwindling reserves but unwilling to share even the hope of profits with their old enemy, organized labor. This description, we know, draws the line too sharply. Many employers are prepared to recognize the union and pay a living wage if they can also be offered the chance of profits. But the division is there, and we predict that it will grow wider as the public hearings on the various industrial codes begin to bring out into the open the elements of conflict. Hugh S. Johnson, in his effective radio talk explaining the methods and purposes of the recovery act, insisted upon the necessity of a minimum wage and reduced hours. In answer to the imaginary question: "What should be the shorter week and what should be the minimum wage?" he advocated, "under present conditions and as far as the lowest-priced class of workers are concerned, an average of about thirty-two hours a week at not less than forty-five cents an hour." It is noteworthy that the newspapers which reported his speech printed in another column the text of the code drafted for the retail drygoods stores of the country proposing a minimum wage ranging from $10 to $12 for women workers and from $12 to $18 for men. The women, presumably the "lowest-priced class of workers," would thus receive from $2.40 to $4.40 a week less than the least suggested by the federal administrator.

BUT WAGES AND HOURS are secondary sources of conflict. The primary difficulty will certainly arise over the question of forcing employers to recognize and deal with independent unions. So far Mr. Johnson has dodged this issue; he has merely repeated the provision of the law that industrial codes must "contain a covenant to recognize collective bargaining and not to require men to join a company union as a condition of employment." This would seem to outlaw those company unions now being hastily and coercively set up, according to reports, in the coal fields and steel mills. But it does not reveal the administration's attitude toward company unions already established. Labor leaders have vociferously announced that they will fight to prevent such organizations from representing labor in any field, and the Labor Advisory Board headed by Frances Perkins is obviously working in the closest collaboration with organized labor. The employers, on the other hand, especially those in the great unorganized industries, will never willingly permit free union activities in their domain, much less engage in collective bargaining with "outside" unions. We look for a battle over this issue, and the outcome will do more to clarify the real aims and attitude of the powers that control the administration of the new industrial-control law than could any number of official pronouncements.

MOST AMERICANS, including many in the South, will rejoice in the action of Judge Horton of Alabama in setting aside the verdict of guilty found against Heywood Patterson in his second trial. Patterson, it will be recalled, is one of the nine Negro boys arrested in Scottsboro more than two years ago, charged with rape upon two white girls in a freight car. After seven of the boys had been sentenced to death, the United States Supreme Court ordered a new trial on the ground that they had not had proper representation by counsel. Patterson alone was then retried, and again convicted. In overthrowing this conviction and ordering a new trial, Judge Horton pointed out that the verdict rested solely on an improbable story by one of the alleged victims, flatly contradicted by the other. He also noted that the prosecution refused to call as a witness a white hobo on the train, when he refused to support the State's case. Judge Horton's action does not in itself free any of the boys, but we may hope for their release shortly, as the State's case appears to be completely destroyed by the decision and further trials would be obvious persecution. The praise bestowed upon Judge Horton is tempered in some quarters by the as-

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sertion that his action was taken in order to prevent the United States Supreme Court from passing upon the legitimacy of excluding Negroes from Southern juries. This point was one of three raised in the appeal to the federal bench, but only the question of inadequate counsel was passed on. It was the intention of the defense, though, to concentrate on the race issue if a second appeal should become necessary. Undoubtedly sentiment in the South was for preventing this, and Judge Horton, in his recent decision, may have been as much of a politician as a jurist. This, however, is a criticism which may be made of our wisest and most upright judges. It is scarcely more than saying that Judge Horton is human. *The Nation* gives him all credit for extricating his State from an ugly position. By unyielding stubbornness in similar circumstances the late Judge Thayer brought upon Massachusetts the shame and tragedy of the Sacco-Vanzetti execution.

THOUGH HE ESCAPED JAIL when tried on a charge of evading his income tax, Charles E. Mitchell is still the man who during his fifteen years as head of the National City Company foisted on the public billions of dollars' worth of dubious securities and loaned himself and his fellow-officers of the National City Bank $2,400,000 of the stockholders' money without security or interest, while compelling the clerks to continue payments on National City stock crowded upon them at inflated values. Mr. Mitchell is likewise still the man who unloaded $31,000,000 of worthless Cuban sugar paper on the National City's stockholders. A super-salesman, a go-getter, the beau ideal of the late new era! "Why single out Mitchell?" Mr. Steuer asked repeatedly. Why, indeed? Given his vindication at the hands of the jury, the line between the Mitchells and the rest of the muscle-men of the Street becomes shadowy, almost vanishes. But the Morgans were smarter. Good public-relations counsel has kept them smiling, serene, and sparkling before the public gaze. With similar professional assistance Mr. Mitchell could shortly be reestablished before the world as the patriot, philanthropist, builder, and loving husband whom Mr. Steuer successfully presented to the jury.

THE HORRORS of the overcrowded German prison camps are being intensified as the boundaries of Nazi proscription widen. Social Democrats are being arrested by the hundreds following the dissolution of their political party. In smaller numbers, Catholics also, including priests, are being interned. Stahlhelm leaders are hourly expecting the same fate. Most despicable of all, the wives and children of victims whom the Nazis have been unable to capture are being seized as hostages and subjected to unspeakable cruelties. It is the deliberate purpose to compel the escaped refugees to return from the countries to which they have fled and submit to whatever outrages the Hitlerites hold in store. Meanwhile, every act of the National Socialists belies the alleged pacific intent of Hitler's recently declared foreign policy. The deliberate attempt to seize Austria by bombing and violence has been checkmated, temporarily at least, by the stern measures of Chancellor Dollfuss. A mythical air raid of anti-German propaganda airplanes dropping "disparaging" leaflets has been widely publicized by the servile press to bolster up German demands for an air fleet. The Prussian Ministry of Justice has decreed that judges are henceforth to engage in service in military camps to train them in martial pursuits. Abstract justice is abolished; Nazi patriotism and Nazi philosophy will determine judicial decisions. Within the Reich the Protestant church has fallen before the Hitler policy of leveling, and the newly inducted choice of the clergy, Bishop von Bodelschwing, has been forced to doff his miter. The new Nazi doctrine with respect to women demands that they retire from all forms of professional or commercial activity to the traditional sphere of "church, children, and kitchen," and devote themselves exclusively to child-bearing. The future of the Teuton-Aryan race, it is announced, calls for a family of five children as a normal unit. Meanwhile the propaganda for increased armament proceeds unabated. The old cry, "He who is not for us is against us," has become the watchword to destroy the livelihoods of all those who are not militant Nazis. "A ruthless and brutal cleaning up in shops and offices" is called for by Dr. Robert Ley, leader of the German labor front. All the standards that civilization had painstakingly erected are being uprooted. As Hamilton Fish Armstrong points out in a comprehensive summary in the current *Foreign Affairs,* the young Nazis today make a virtue of being ignorant and of despising the skill and attainments which generations of German culture slowly achieved.

THE OUTCRY of German officials over anti-German propaganda has its amusing corollary in the pro-Nazi agitation in this and other countries. Thus Bernard Ridder, one of the owners of the New York *Staats-Zeitung,* the *Journal of Commerce,* and other newspapers in this country, returned from Germany recently with the astounding news that Hitler, "when coming into power, found 62 per cent of all governmental offices filled with Jews." At the time of the 1930 census Germany had a Jewish population of 560,000, not quite 1 per cent of the total population of the country. According to the "Statistische Jahrbuch," the German Reich, including state and municipal governments, employs 970,000 salaried officials. This would mean, if what Mr. Ridder says is true, that 601,400 Jews, or more than 40,000 more than there were Jewish men, women, and children in the Reich in 1930, were in public positions when Hitler came to power. As to Mr. Ridder's assurance that the persecution of the Jew in the Fatherland is subsiding, we call attention to a circular letter sent out by the government to all postmasters demanding reports on the life history of every postal employee, with special attention to racial origin to the third degree. The implication is plain, especially when we recall that five Jews in high positions in the German postal system recently have received their discharge.

THE ASTOUNDING DECISION of the Swiss government to expel the international secretary of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom is a challenge to the peace movement that cannot be ignored. Madame Brevet must leave the country before July 14, the government has declared, because she is a "revolutionary propagandist" and an anti-militarist! Her revolutionary propaganda seems to have consisted mostly in getting before the world the horrible facts of the killing of thirteen workers and the wounding of sixty others by Swiss troops who shot into an unarmed crowd of demonstrators in Geneva on November 9 of last year. But she is also being expelled as

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an anti-militarist. This can only be because of her connection with the Women's International League. It is obvious that if Madame Brevet can be deported for anti-militarism, no one can safely work for peace in Geneva. (A Swiss citizen would face jail instead of deportation under the same circumstances.) And if the world peace movement is not to be permitted to center its activities in Geneva, the seat of the League of Nations and the disarmament conference, its effectiveness will be immeasurably impaired. The upsurge of Swiss nationalism and militarism, of which the November 9 massacre was only a single manifestation, appears to be bent on destroying not only Switzerland's ancient tradition of freedom but the world peace movement as well. The news from Germany, though hardly surprising, is no less ominous. Emma Machenauer, head of the Munich section of the Women's International League, was arrested by Nazi auxiliary police a few days ago and since then has disappeared. Efforts to find her have failed. Another officer of the Munich section, Princess Juliana zu Stolberg, was also arrested and is now under guard in a hospital to which she was taken from a sickbed at home. The residences of both Fräulein Machenauer and Princess Juliana are now being used as living quarters by the Nazis. Anti-militarists in this country must awaken to the significance of these developments before the black reaction against the peace movement sweeps over the entire world.

THE RADICAL CAUSE has lost two women leaders in the death almost at the same time of Clara Zetkin and Rose Pastor Stokes. A life of victorious achievement ending in heart-rending defeat—that is the tragedy of Clara Zetkin. For fifty years she stood in the forefront of the German Socialist movement and saw it grow from small beginnings into the largest and most influential labor movement of the world. Shoulder to shoulder with Karl Kautsky, August Bebel, and Rosa Luxemburg, she fought against Edward Bernstein's revisionism for a revolutionary Marxian conception, only to see the trade-union and political movements of German labor succumb to opportunistic reform. In 1914 she opposed Socialist support of imperialist war and, with Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, was among the first to be imprisoned. Parting with Karl Kautsky, who had been her idol and political mentor for more than a generation, she joined the Communist Party and remained from that time on one of the outstanding figures in the Third International. The last years of her life, years of physical suffering and invalidism, were spent in Moscow, where she was worshiped by the masses as the one monument that remained of the glorious past of the international labor movement. She was one of the most impressive speakers and clearest writers that the German revolutionary movement produced, one who did the work of the movement and left it to others to write its songs. Rose Pastor, once a cigarette-factory worker, came into the limelight through her marriage to the wealthy J. G. Phelps Stokes and their work together for the American Socialist Party. When America entered the World War Mr. Stokes quit the party and supported the government policy. His wife stuck by her principles, denounced the war, was convicted under the espionage act, and sentenced to ten years in prison. The verdict was set aside on appeal and the case was dropped. The later years of Mrs. Stokes's life were identified with the American Communist Party.

MRS. O. C. A. COMPTON, one of whose sons is a college president and another the famous physicist, has recently received an honorary degree "in motherhood." The incident suggests fascinating possibilities, among which would seem to be the logical necessity of giving a similar degree to the grandmother of the Compton boys—since the mother of a distinguished mother would seem to have the same claim as the mother of a distinguished son. Even this prospect, however, is not so exhilarating as that opened up by a headline in the New York *Herald Tribune* which states (quite accurately): "Degree Given to Farley for Political Honesty." In sober fact, Sewanee University has made our Postmaster General a Doctor of Civil Law "for conspicuous service to his country as a statesman and *for his honesty in the administration of political affairs.*" We pass over the obvious fact that the authorities at Sewanee do not assume that "conspicuous service to his country as a statesman" necessarily implies "honesty in the administration of political affairs." But has virtue become so rare that persons are henceforth to be given marks of distinction for not being crooks? Must we erect a statue to the grocer who does not put sand in his sugar and give little Johnny a double star on his report card for not murdering his grandmother?

CAREFUL READING of the long dispatch displayed in two-column type under a six-column head on the front page of the Scripps-Howard *World-Telegram,* "copyright in all countries" by the United Press, leaves us with the firm conviction that Mr. Roy Howard was received by Hirohito, Emperor of Japan, and that it was an important day in the life of His Imperial Majesty.

To Save the Conference

IF, as now seems extremely probable, the World Economic Conference should end in almost complete failure, the United States will enjoy the dubious distinction of having done more to bring about its collapse than any other nation.

Three major objectives were possible for such a conference: the adjustment of war debts, the return of stabilized currencies, and the downward revision of tariff and other trade barriers. The first we specifically excluded from discussion even before the conference opened. The second we refused to discuss as "untimely" as soon as the conference got under way. The third Secretary Hull has proposed in general terms; but our delegates have been given no real authority to agree to a reduction of American tariffs even if they wanted to, and the whole attitude of the Moley wing of the Administration makes it improbable that they will even recommend such a course in concrete terms. Small wonder that the French press asks why we wanted to participate in the first place.

The Administration's belief that it would be untimely to agree to any stabilization of the dollar now is due mainly to a lack of monetary understanding. It wishes, naturally and justifiably, to establish and maintain a higher American wholesale price level than that now prevailing. But it seems to be under two or three false impressions. One is that "stabilization" means either agreement to return to the former

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gold parity or, at best, adherence to the present discount from gold parity of less than 20 per cent. Stabilization need mean neither of these things. In so far as it is possible to control the price level from the side of money rather than that of goods, the promptest, surest, safest way is through a return to free gold convertibility at a reduction in the gold content of the dollar. It is just as possible for us to decide now what price level we want as it will ever be. If we want a price level, say, about 10 to 15 per cent below that prevailing in 1926, then the most probable way of reaching it would be by the reduction of the former gold content of the dollar by 25 to 30 per cent. The Administration seems to be going ahead on the strange supposition that monetary uncertainty is more likely to bring a vigorous advance of prices and a confident resumption of business activity than monetary certainty is. The truth, it need hardly be said, is precisely the opposite.

As long as no agreement on currency stabilization exists, it does not seem probable that any tariff agreement can be obtained. The gold-standard countries will quite naturally refuse to agree to reduce or even not to raise their tariff walls as long as they fear that these tariff walls may be scaled by further currency depreciation. Even apart from this particular obstacle, however, the prospects for real tariff reduction are almost negligible. In their intellectual panic, the statesmen of the world have returned to all the foreign-trade fallacies and policies of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, and so far as they are concerned, five generations of economists might just as well never have written. They see clearly enough that the tariffs erected by other nations help to produce a depression in their own country, but hardly any of them recognize that the tariffs they themselves erect injure their own people quite as much as they injure the rest of the world. Because it seems so impossible to rid them of these fallacies in the immediate future, *The Nation* ventures to propose a plan which might save the conference by offering some measure of temporary relief to a throttled international trade, while it would also provide the world with a desperately needed education in the inevitable two-sidedness of that trade.

The plan, briefly, calls for the establishment of an International Barter Corporation. It presupposes, as part of a general agreement, reasonably stabilized currencies and a continuation of the existing tariff truce. A branch of the corporation would be established in every country that became a member. It would admit goods into that country free of duty provided that the exporting country took an equivalent amount of goods from the importing country. Let us assume, for example, that the two countries are the United States and France, and let us say that France has shoes to sell to the United States. We may take shoes as the example because this is one of the products with which, it is alleged, we would be "flooded" if we reduced our tariff wall. (The fact is, however, that in spite of our higher wage levels we somehow managed to export about $1,500,000 worth of shoes last year against about $2,000,000 worth of shoe imports.)

If a French manufacturer had $100,000 worth of shoes to sell to the United States, these shoes would be admitted through the Barter Corporation provided a French importer at the same time were taking $100,000 worth of, say, American wheat. If American shoe manufacturers complained about the import of French shoes, the complaint, instead of being forwarded to Congress, would be forwarded to the wheat exporter. If he preferred to hurt his own business rather than the shoe manufacturer's, he could forgo his sale of wheat. The corporation, in short, would dramatize the fact that whenever imports are prohibited by artificial barriers, some American exporter's ox is gored. In each case, with the barter plan established, some specific American exporter would be able to see just what the American tariff wall had been doing to him. Every time we forbid imports from foreign countries we forbid an equal amount of American exports to foreign countries; for now that we have stopped loans, new exports can be paid for only out of the credits built up by new imports. To strike at our export trade, as our high tariff does, would be tolerable only if we had not through generations built up an economy in which many of our industries are expanded to take care of an export market: we normally sell abroad, for example, 55 per cent of our cotton, 18 per cent of our wheat, 36 per cent of our copper, 40 per cent of our typewriters, 30 per cent of our printing machinery, 14 per cent of our automobiles, and so on. When we kill our export trade, we throw out of employment the workers previously engaged in it. The people who remark that our export trade is "only 10 per cent" of our total trade, and therefore not important, or who separate "domestic recovery" from international cooperation, miss the whole significance of the problem which is involved.

A barter corporation such as that proposed would afford only a mild relief. Once it was established, it might begin to allow for triangular barter, instead of direct barter between two countries, and it could permit the building up of short-term credits and debits. The only solution ultimately possible, of course, would be the much simpler one of a reduction of tariff barriers. But meanwhile the corporation would be performing daily and dramatically that educational work without which tariff reduction seems impossible.

President Roosevelt's Appointments

THE success of President Roosevelt's far-reaching program depends on the way it is carried out. Legislation, it is almost axiomatic to assert, can be no better than those intrusted with its administration. The character of Mr. Roosevelt's appointments is therefore of the utmost importance in the execution of his policies and for the attainment of the hoped-for reconstruction. What is their character? Many have been excellent, and it is regrettable that the high standards set in them have not been more widely applied. As it is, a greater disparity exists in the quality of the Roosevelt appointees than in those of any other recent Administration.

The Nation found occasion to praise Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet highly. We deemed particularly good the choice of Thomas J. Walsh, Harold L. Ickes, Henry A. Wallace, and Frances Perkins. The appointment of Mr. Woodin as Secretary of the Treasury we declared most unfortunate, a view which the lapse of time has not altered. Mr. Walsh's death

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was an irreparable loss to the Department of Justice. Homer S. Cummings, appointed in his place, with no similar record of stern rectitude, has nevertheless had the opportunity to prove his worth.

We hoped he aspired to fill Mr. Walsh's shoes and were inclined to give him the benefit of every doubt, but up to now his record has been most disappointing. The next most important appointment in the Department of Justice, that of Solicitor General, went to James Crawford Biggs. In fairness to President Roosevelt it should be stated that this post had previously been offered to two supremely qualified men, both of whom found themselves unable to accept it. But why not continue to nominate such men? Plenty of other good timber was available. Mr. Biggs, a political appointee, worked closely with J. Mitchell Palmer in the days of the infamous red raids. A stenographic transcript of the testimony taken in the Teapot Dome investigation showed that he was inclined to favor the Southern Pacific Railway and other corporate interests as against the public welfare. He was one of the supporters of Judge John J. Parker, whom President Hoover sought unsuccessfully to elevate to the Supreme Court.

At the request of the patronage boss of the Administration, Postmaster General Farley, Mr. Cummings accepted as Assistant Attorney General a second-rate lawyer from Oklahoma, Patrick Malloy, whom Secretary Ickes had rejected as Assistant Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Farley sought to place Mr. Malloy somewhere, and finally got him into the Department of Justice. The failure to name first-rate assistants, the acceptance of men who are either political appointees or suspect on account of their past sympathy for vested interests, have characterized Mr. Cummings's four months' tenure as Attorney General. The "malefactors of great wealth" may breathe easy. There is no new deal here.

Nor do the appointments in the fiscal departments of the government, from Secretary Woodin down, inspire much confidence. Mr. Woodin's connections with the house of Morgan have already been amply aired. With respect to Dean Acheson, Under Secretary of the Treasury, it should be pointed out that the principal partner of his law firm appeared as personal attorney for Charles E. Mitchell before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, and that his firm handled a great deal of the Morgan business in Washington.

The Commissionership of Internal Revenue, in view of the flagrant tax evasions of recent years, is an extremely important post. Guy T. Helvering's appointment to it is thoroughly bad. After his record had been aired in the Senate, such conscientious Senators as Borah, Couzens, Cutting, La Follette, Norris, and Walsh were among those to vote against confirmation. But the party steam roller triumphed. The appointment, like that of M. S. Szymczak of Chicago to the Federal Reserve Board, is purely political. Lewis Douglas, Director of the Budget, is an efficient young man, highly conscious of his merits, whose economic philosophy closely resembles that of Ogden Mills. If either he or the benevolent Barney Baruch succeeds Mr. Woodin, Wall Street will continue to deem the Administration "sound."

As one inspects the new administrative personnel, the uniformly bad appointments in the Department of Justice, the none-too-good appointments in the Department of the Treasury, the varyingly good and bad appointments elsewhere, one contrasts them with the superb determination of Secretary Ickes to make the Department of the Interior excellent from top to bottom. There will be no collusion, no alienation of the public domain, no pillage in that department, in which for so long betrayal of the public interest in behalf of powerful private interests has been the rule. Theodore A. Walters, First Assistant Secretary; Oscar L. Chapman, Second Assistant Secretary; Harry Slattery, personal assistant to Mr. Ickes; Nathan R. Margold, Solicitor; John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs; Louis R. Glavis, head of the department's Division of Investigations—these are public servants in the best sense of the word, vigilant, devoted, able, enlightened.

Servants of the same high type are to be found elsewhere. Secretary Wallace's department ranks high with Rexford G. Tugwell as Assistant Secretary of Agriculture. Jerome Frank, counsel for the administration of the agricultural-relief bill, has called first-rate younger lawyers to collaborate with him, as have also Mr. Margold in the Interior and Charles Wyzanski in the Labor Department—such aids are important in the erection of a sound administrative structure. It is heartening to find men of such high caliber as Arthur E. Morgan, president of Antioch College, and David E. Lilienthal as directors of the Tennessee Valley Authority. The latter's service on the Wisconsin Railroad Commission has established him as one of the outstanding public-utility authorities in the country. The appointment of Joseph B. Eastman of the Interstate Commerce Commission as Federal Rail Coordinator cannot be praised too highly. Among those called in to collaborate in the Industrial Recovery Act, the Home Loan Board, and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, such men as Leo Wolman, John H. Fahey, Sidney Hillman, Louis E. Kirstein, and John J. Blaine inspire confidence.

In the Department of State we may count, despite their limited experience in foreign affairs, on the high purpose and integrity of Secretary Cordell Hull and Assistant Secretary Moley. The diplomatic appointments show the usual variation between good and bad, with mediocrities preponderating. Professor Dodd's appointment to Germany, Sumner Welles's to Cuba, Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen's to Denmark may be praised. Less can be said for the rest. The appointment of Robert H. Gore, Florida newspaper-chain publisher, as governor of Puerto Rico is deplorable. He "wanted something else"—as a reward for early Roosevelt support—but "was given Puerto Rico." It is time to stop making that unhappy province, whose high hopes of progress and plenty under the Stars and Stripes have been betrayed, a football of political spoilsmanship. An excellent candidate, a native of Puerto Rico educated in the United States, was available in Martin Travieso. At least, someone conversant with Hispanic culture should have been appointed. Latin American affairs, incidentally, need to be placed in competent and sympathetic hands. At present no Assistant Secretary fills this bill.

It is too early to give a final judgment on the Department of Commerce. John Dickinson, Assistant Secretary, has much to recommend him, but it remains to be seen whether he will merely be an echo of his chief, Mr. Roper, and complacent to the demands of big business. Mr. Roper seems to be afflicted with the idea that his old associates and

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friends would make ideal administrators of the supremely important Industrial Recovery Act. The evidence mounts that this part of the reconstruction program, as well as the emergency building program, is to be the happy hunting ground for political spoilsmen. Contracts are being sought and placed through local Democratic leaders back home. Reconstruction Finance Corporation loans are dependent on the O. K. of the local Democratic boss.

The Roosevelt appointments reveal the conflicting interests that coalesced under his banner. There are the high-minded, devoted public servants—starting with the "brain trust." There are the representatives of vested interests, the practical men who know exactly what their bosses want and how to get it. And there are the political hangers-on, the lame ducks, the hordes of "deserving Democrats," the nuts and bolts with which Jim Farley is ruthlessly building up a great political machine, with no regard for the public welfare. Mr. Roosevelt, now more than ever, must be vigilant lest his good nature, like Mr. Harding's, be betrayed by his friends.

Boneheaded Economy

HAVE Americans lost their sense of balance, or are they blinded by the Roosevelt glamor, in that they are able to watch with apparent unconcern the discharge by the federal government of thousands of its faithful regular employees in useful, organized services in order—in order, if you please, to have money with which to hire other unemployed on unorganized projects of frankly "made work" or of problematical usefulness? This creation of one army of unemployed in order to put to work another seems so fantastic outside "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" that one could hardly believe it to be true were it not for daily dispatches in the newspapers reciting details of the absurd and cruel program.

In the last few days, for instance, drastic cuts have been made in the work and personnel of the Department of Agriculture, reducing its expenses 37 per cent below those of 1932, as ordered by the little czar of federal economy, Director of the Budget Douglas. Many employees have been sent out to join the ranks of the unemployed, while important scientific and technical work has been dropped, such as the agricultural market news service, regarded as of great value to the farmers for whom the Roosevelt Administration pretends to be so solicitous. While the navy is to be increased by thirty-two new warships at a cost of $238,000,000, in order allegedly to create work for the unemployed, the War Department is discharging 10 per cent of its civilian personnel, numbering nearly 50,000 persons, most of whom are engaged on river and harbor work of presumptive utility. The Bureau of Internal Revenue has discharged 5 per cent of its force, while, among other efforts to economize, the Department of Commerce lately ordered 106 of its European attachés—men with homes on lease and children in school—to sail for America on a week's notice and join the bread line.

This fantastic exhibition of robbing Peter to pay Paul is a result of the boneheaded policy of economy of the federal government in the face of an unparalleled emergency which called not for a balanced budget but for a large bond issue as during the World War. Instead of cutting expenditures, the full appropriations of 1929 should have been maintained for labor, at least, and if anything increased. The going services of the federal government are predominatingly of recognized usefulness and carried on honestly and economically.

The picture of the government employee as an overpaid drone is a comic-supplement caricature which was never true, less than ever during a generation of rising prices in which increases in federal pay have generally been several jumps behind advances in the cost of living. *The Nation* advocates a liberal policy of public works but in addition to, not in place of, the regular services of the federal government. Such services provide useful work for both sexes, all ages, and for nearly every kind of ability. New public works, if and when they materialize, will cater to a narrower range of workers, while the projects themselves, although they may prove useful, cannot in most cases qualify as necessities.

It is not too late to rectify, at least in part, the folly of turning regular employees of the federal government out into the streets without jobs in order to have money to relieve the unemployed. The cuts in department appropriations cannot well be restored before another session of Congress, but Mr. Roosevelt can direct that government employees discharged from the regular services because of lack of funds shall have first call on the jobs created by our new machinery for relieving unemployment. It is announced, for instance, that the administration of the Industrial Recovery Act will require some 35,000 persons whose appointment will be in the hands of the party patronage dispenser, Postmaster General Farley. This would mean, in normal course, that the jobs would go to organization Democrats most of whom would not be picked from the unemployed but would be men using their party affiliations to pass from lower- to higher-paid employment. Mr. Roosevelt should see that the victims of his own mistaken policy are cared for ahead of "deserving Democrats."

We are aware that the industrial depression has cut down work in several government services and left them, until recently, overmanned. But reorganization and redistribution of work could be effected without cutting down the total number of employees. We think, indeed, that the federal departmental organization could be used to give socially useful employment to an increased number of persons. The pay of government employees, it will be recalled, was lately reduced by 15 per cent. It is not unfair that such workers should bear their share of current losses, especially since it was shown at the time the cut was made that living costs had declined 22 per cent since 1928. We should have preferred to see all government salaries cut to a maximum of $10,000 a year, with the 15 per cent reduction applying only to persons actually earning $2,500 or more. As it is, the cut applies even to substitute post-office clerks, who are estimated to be averaging less than $10 a week. We think, too, that the reduction in pay should have been accompanied by a corresponding lessening of hours. This would not only have relieved overmanning in so far as it existed but would have opened places for new workers. It would have been wiser to use the money saved in salary reduction to hire such workers in regularly organized useful service than to spend an equivalent amount on new unemployment-relief schemes of unproved value to the country.

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Walter Lippmann
I. "The Great Elucidator"

By AMOS PINCHOT

[*Since the creation of an informed public opinion is indispensable to the functioning of democratic government, the factors which tend to mold that opinion require vigilant scrutiny. Walter Lippmann's column in the* Herald Tribune *is now syndicated to 126 American dailies, including newspapers in Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands, and the Philippines, with a total circulation of 8,000,000, and is further reprinted abroad. Mr. Lippmann is probably the most influential journalist of our time. Mr. Pinchot's analysis of Mr. Lippmann as publicist and interpreter of events is, therefore, in this period of great social change, pertinent and useful.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

IN discussing Walter Lippmann I confess that I approach my subject with a feeling of awe. Success in any case is impressive; eminency is still more so. And yet, when there pass before my mind's eye those hordes of good people who read Mr. Lippmann in 126 daily newspapers and agree with him almost as regularly as the sun rises, I find myself not quite sure that in the "Man with the Flashlight Mind, the Great Elucidator," as the *Herald Tribune* calls him in its promotion pamphlet, America has at last produced a great publicist.

But whether great or not, Mr. Lippmann is certainly a distinguished writer. The best style, said Matthew Arnold, is one that gives the impression of speech at considered leisure. I think Mr. Lippmann has such a style. It is simple; yet it is assured. It carries conviction by its temperance and quiet authority. Moreover, Mr. Lippman is an earnest writer, whose gaze never roves for an instant from the moral values.

Nevertheless, as I reread "Drift and Mastery" (1914) and "A Preface to Morals" (1929), which are perhaps his two most important books, and as I read the expression of his philosophy in his "Today and Tomorrow" in the *Herald Tribune,* with attention to substance rather than to form, and separating as far as I can the thought from the grace of the words that contain it, I find myself disappointed. I find myself questioning the quality of his thinking. I inquire whether his popularity is not, after all, as much a commentary on his devoted followers as on himself. I ask whether, despite the excellence of his language, he is not telling his flock substantially what it wants to hear—in fact, what it has already heard on the piazza of the country club. And I speculate whether, with all his talents, Walter Lippmann has not sacrificed a rather fine future for a successful present.

It takes a long while to establish the rank of a writer. This is especially true if the writer happens to be a publicist. For, in addition to writing well, he must inform himself well. He must make shrewd deductions which only time can test. Does time seem to prove Mr. Lippmann's deductions, or, on the contrary, does it disprove them? Is he an informed person, or is his unusual erudition literary rather than factual, and therefore of comparatively little help in his role of publicist? As a writer on politics and economics does he go to the sources of things? Does he know his facts, or does he form his ideas, not from facts, but from other people's opinions about them? And above all, has he the liberal and democratic point of view? Or, despite what amounts almost to a genius for never quite saying the thing, is he the prophet, the avant-coureur, of big-business fascism?

Mr. Lippmann would no doubt be shocked at the thought that he is a salesman of plutocracy. Doubtless he could point to innumerable passages in his writings that refute any such contention. Not the least of the benefits of reading Mr. Lippmann is that he can be quoted on either side of almost any question. Like the Bible in this respect, one can turn to his new testament and prove that God is love, or to his old testament and show that He is hate and vengeance. Or one can discover by later authoritative gospel that, equally removed from love and hate, God is disinterestedness. As a commentator on politics and economics—who writes, as the *Herald Tribune* pamphlet tells us, in a sound-proof penthouse studio where "autographed portraits" of Thomas Cochran of J. P. Morgan and Company and the British Ambassador look down from the wall—just who are Mr. Lippmann's gods?

In "Drift and Mastery," which deals mainly with politics and economics in the era immediately preceding the World War, Mr. Lippmann makes his answers to such questions. He points out, first, that the cloven hoof of big business is, after all, something of an illusion, and that in the leaders of the great trusts and banking houses our country has a group of administrators fitted by ideology and training for the highest responsibilities; and, second, that there exists in the higher regions of big business a regenerative, self-rectifying principle that combats greed and makes for the subordination of sordid to enlightened aims.

In order that this regenerative principle shall function freely in the public interest, Mr. Lippmann holds that we should protect big business on the one hand from overzealous muckraking and on the other from unwise government interference. It is true, he concedes, that the muckrakers have in the past been useful in awakening the country to real evils in the economic system. But they have gone too far. "Big Business and its ruthless tentacles," he writes, "have become the material for the feverish fantasy of illiterate thousands thrown out of kilter by the rack and strain of modern life." Mischievous nonsense is being spread in regard to the power of "men like Morgan and Rockefeller," which "ten minutes of cold sanity would reduce to a barbarous myth." The very magnitude of the problems involved in the administration of great corporations has disquieted those who do not realize that their "administration is becoming an applied science." Even so able a thinker as Louis Brandeis, he complains, has "turned against the modern trust," has

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"turned decentralizer." And as for Woodrow Wilson—"He becomes quite reckless in his denunciation of the New Devil—Monopoly."

In "Drift and Mastery" Mr. Lippmann does not write with the pontifical authority he attains fifteen years later in "A Preface to Morals." But he argues with his usual clarity that large mergers like the Steel Corporation, which, in his writings, invariably wears the halo of the good trust, are now being conducted as public rather than private institutions. He chides his erstwhile friends, to whom he refers with scant patience as "amateur Socialists," for continuing to urge nationalization of our big industries. For, says he, they are already nationalized in effect, though still nominally private property. So that now (1914) "there is no very essential difference between holding the securities of the steel trust and those of the United States government."

Mr. Lippmann finds "a widespread rebellion against the profit motive." And this rebellion, extending to big business, is creating new incentives and a new point of view. "No doubt," he admits, "there are trusts badly administered. No doubt there are inflated monopolies created for purely financial reasons." But the men at the head of big business are "revolutionizing the discipline, the incentives, and the vision of the business world." And "the real news about business, it seems to me, is that it is being administered by men who are not profiteers. The managers are on salary, divorced from ownership and from bargaining. They represent the revolution in business incentives at its very heart. For they conduct gigantic enterprises and they stand outside the higgling of the market, outside the shrewdness and strategy of competition. The motive of profit is not their personal motive. That is an astounding change."

Harking back to Mr. Morgan's Steel Corporation, Mr. Lippmann finds it notable not merely for its public spirit, but also for its efficiency. Indeed, it is so efficient that its autocratic methods of administration might well be adopted by the government. "If the steel trust is efficient," he writes, "it is not due to the existence of its 200,000 stockholders. It is due to the fact that the management is autocratic, that administrators are highly paid and given power adequate to their responsibility. When governments are willing to pursue that course, they can be just as efficient as private management." And again: "It is obvious," he says, "that the trusts have created a demand for a new type of business man—for a man whose motives resemble those of the applied scientist and whose responsibility is that of a public servant."

And having invested the industrial corporations with an odor of sanctity, he then turns to the bankers and sprays them with the same precious incense, designating them as "investment experts." "In the great industries," he writes, "it is important to notice that with the diminishing importance of ownership the control has passed for the time being into the hands of investment experts, the banking interests."

For these conclusions, and more like them, Mr. Lippmann offers no premises. They are, of course, egregious nonsense, flatly contradicted by the facts, but nonsense so persuasively stated as to sound convincing even while it outrages one's intelligence. But what is most astounding about his thesis of the regeneration of big business is that, at the moment when he wrote "Drift and Mastery," as luck would have it, there had just been completed a series of investigations which, had he taken the trouble to follow them, would have shown him not merely that no regeneration existed, but that big business, drunk with stock-jobbing and monopoly profits, was entering upon the wild debauch of profiteering that reached its climax in 1929.

In the winter of 1911 and 1912 a committee of the House of Representatives, headed by Augustus O. Stanley, later United States Senator from Kentucky, and assisted by Louis D. Brandeis, spread on a record of 5,594 pages the story of the formation, policies, and administration of the particular trust that, first in "Drift and Mastery" and later in "A Preface to Morals," Mr. Lippmann held aloft as a shining example of what a corporation ought to be. The evidence, which was based on the trust's own records, and on the testimony of its officers, directors, accountants, and engineers, was condensed and printed in a clear, readable report of two hundred pages. From the so-called Stanley report, which he could have had at the cost of a letter to his Congressman, Mr. Lippmann might have learned that for their services in organizing the United States Steel Corporation and floating its billion-dollar issue of common stock (which had no actual value, since the bond issue and the preferred stock more than equaled its assets) the underwriters and promoters, headed by Morgan, received stock of the par value of $130,000,000, which they proceeded to sell to a confiding public at a cash profit, above all expenses, of $62,500,000. In the nine years covered by the Stanley inquiry the trust netted an annual profit of 40 per cent on the cost of production on every pound of metal it sold. In 1914, when "Drift and Mastery" appeared, its earnings applicable to dividends on the common stock were $23,496,768. By 1917 its net earnings rose to just under half a billion, largely as the result of cold-blooded extortion in the sale of war supplies to the French and English governments, for which J. P. Morgan and Company was fiscal agent.

Meantime, as the enlightened administrators held up the price of steel with one hand, they held down labor charges with the other, underpaying their men, crushing their every attempt to organize and better the almost subhuman conditions under which they lived; working 50,000 employees twelve hours a day and from seventy-two to eighty-four hours a week—the average working week for similar labor in the English steel industry being fifty-four hours. Incidentally, by 1919, as admitted by Gary on the stand, the number of twelve-hour men had increased to 69,000.

On January 30, 1912, Mr. Brandeis testified before the Stanley committee as follows:

> I say these are conditions which have driven out American labor; and the most important thing I want to impress upon you in regard to that is not merely the long hours or the low wages, but it is that it has been and is attended with conditions of repression the like of which you cannot find, I believe, this side of Russia.

As shedding light on Mr. Lippmann's statement that the trusts were being "administered by men who are not profiteers," in 1902 the Steel Corporation organized the Union Supply Company, a chain store dealing almost wholly with its own employees. With a capitalization of $500,000, it declared dividends as follows:

1903	$250,000	1907	$500,000
1904	250,000	1908	320,000
1905	405,000	1909	440,000
1906	805,000	1910	520,000

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In order to protect from political attacks the railroad and raw-material differentials with which Morgan and Gary destroyed competition and raised prices, the Morgan interests went heavily into politics. In 1914 I had occasion to visit nine steel towns in the heart of the Morgan empire in Pennsylvania. I shall never forget the poverty and squalor in that God-forsaken region—the huge, sprawling plants, the unbelievably forlorn habitations. Boise Penrose was running for reelection. On the Thursday before election day I saw 5,000 men discharged from one plant, with the admonition, given them by the foreman at the gate, that unless Senator Penrose were returned, the plant would stay closed indefinitely.

Control of the executive branch of the government was, however, the main objective of the Morgan strategy, which at this time was directed to shielding the steel monopoly from federal interference. Consequently, the Cabinet and various key offices were duly packed, and the White House was surrounded, with friends and attorneys of Morgan and Company. In the Roosevelt and Taft regimes, when the big money was in steel—just as it was in oil in Harding's time and in utilities in Hoover's—Elihu Root, former attorney of the Carnegie Company, a subsidiary of the Steel Corporation, was Secretary of State. George W. Wickersham, formerly attorney of the Steel Corporation was Attorney-General. Truman Newberry, president of a subsidiary of the Steel Corporation, was Secretary of the Navy, an important post in steel politics. Herbert Satterlee, son-in-law of Mr. Morgan, was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Robert Bacon, Mr. Morgan's partner and director of the Steel Corporation, was Secretary of State. Philander Knox, attorney of the Steel Corporation, was Attorney-General and later Secretary of State. Judge Gary, chairman of the executive committee of the Steel Corporation and Mr. Morgan's factotum, as the Tarbell biography discloses, was confidential adviser to the White House on economic matters.

In the interim—as Mr. Lippmann in his capacity of publicist should certainly have known—substantially what Brandeis and Stanley found in the Morgan territory of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Minnesota, and Alabama, Edward P. Costigan, then a Denver lawyer, now United States Senator, was discovering as counsel in the Congressional inquiry into the Rockefeller hegemony in Colorado. Robert F. Wagner, then State Senator at Albany, now United States Senator, was meanwhile delving into the medieval labor conditions in the harvester trust, the preliminary report of his commission having been published in 1912.

The facts developed by these inquiries and a dozen similar ones—including the investigation into the Morgan-Guggenheim attempt to gain, by fraudulent entries, a monopoly of the high-grade coal deposits of Alaska, which was blocked by Gifford Pinchot, Brandeis, and Glavis—pitilessly contradicted Mr. Lippmann's thesis of a regenerate big business. They showed that, instead of upward, the trend was strongly downward; that with a few honorable exceptions the administrators were comporting themselves with the avidity of pigs in clover. Is it conceivable that our Elucidator wrote, first, "Drift and Mastery" and then "A Preface to Morals" in ignorance of this mass of available evidence? Or, on the contrary, was he writing with full knowledge, and in a conscious effort to offset its effect?

Turning for a moment to "A Preface to Morals," we find in the eleventh and twelfth chapters, respectively entitled The Cure of Souls and The Business of the Great Society, the passages which carry forward Mr. Lippmann's 1914 brief for big business perhaps as well as anything he has written. It can be shown, the thread of his argument runs, that the qualities which civilized men agree to call virtues "have disinterestedness as their inner principle." Men have virtue in so far as they hold themselves to an ideal of conduct, however "inconvenient, unprofitable, or dangerous it may be to do so." Escape from the perplexities of modern life lies, therefore, along the path of disinterestedness.

The cardinal virtues, however, and especially this greatest virtue, disinterestedness, do not thrive "unless events conspire" to drive us toward them. But luckily the progress of science, and especially the discipline involved in the scientific method used by great corporations, is forcing big business to the disinterested point of view, weaning it from its past acquisitiveness to a social state of mind. "Great corporations," he points out, "have established laboratories of their own, not merely for the perfecting of their own processes, but for the promotion of pure research." The scientific method "provides a body in which the spirit of disinterestedness can live." The universities have done the same. The insight of a high religion, "which moves mankind more profoundly than anything else in human affairs," is made available by the coming of the scientific method. "Therefore, what was once a personal attitude on the part of a few who were somewhat withdrawn and disregarded has become the central principle in the careers of innumerable, immensely influential, men."

With an array of citations from foreign commentators—Graham Wallas, Buffon, Adam Smith, Ruskin, Morris, Maynard Keynes—but with never a word from anyone with a notion of what is going on in America, Mr. Lippmann then works his way to his grand denouement, which he reaches in a glow of fervor in the last section of the twelfth chapter, entitled Ideals. But, gentle reader, do not let your hopes of the denouement rise too high. For it proves a rather tame rehash of his 1914 glorification of Wall Street, with the difference that, to his honor roll of the regenerate, he now adds the banks, the insurance companies, and the General Electric Company.

> When the machine technology is really advanced, that is to say, when it has drawn great masses of men within the orbit of its influence, when a corporation has become really great, the old distinction between public and private interest becomes very dim. I think it is destined largely to disappear. It is difficult even today to say whether the great railways, the General Electric Company, the United States Steel Corporation, the bigger insurance companies and banks are public or private institutions.

The fact that Mr. Lippmann should choose, as an example of a disinterested corporation, the General Electric Company, which by 1929 had become the heart and soul of the Morgan utility power, is, let us hope, but additional evidence of his talent for preserving his theories from the contamination of facts; since, for scientific extortion, for remarkably successful assaults on the integrity of government, as well as on education and the press, for reckless financing and huge profits for the insiders, raked in to the accompaniment of peculiarly disgusting and untruthful "service talk," the story of the utilities presided over in part by the high command of General Electric rather more than equals anything in business annals. Even the halcyon days when Fiske,

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Gould, and Huntington built their fortunes on the wreck of the railroads could boast nothing quite so raw. For the industrial buccaneers of the nineteenth century at least had the grace to refrain from sanctimony.

And yet Mr. Lippmann writes his high romance of industrialism with such gentle zeal, and in such sound yet melodious prose, that to the uninformed reader even the General Electric becomes proof that with Morgan in the heavens all's well with the world.

Why Mr. Lippmann wrote as he did, in the face of all that was known and knowable about a subject with which he dealt extensively in two books separated by a fifteen-year interval, is a mystery which would perhaps have remained unsolved had he not solved it himself in the opening pages of "Drift and Mastery," in what I believe is one of the strangest passages ever penned by a man whose business is admittedly to advise the public on matters economic and political. Turning to pages 6 and 7, we find that, though aware of the existence of the investigations, he considers the task of "trying to classify" them, as a preparation to writing his book, to be an impossible and useless one. "A mere list of investigations would fill this book, and I abandoned the attempt with the mental reservation that if anyone really desired that kind of proof, a few German scholars, young and in perfect health, should be imported to furnish it." In other words, the facts being antipathetic to his thesis, he waves them aside with a gesture of contempt. Thus, by his own account, at the very outset of his inquiry, he rejects his authentic sources of information, and abandons the scientific method which he hails throughout his books as the unique regenerative agent of the modern world.

However, that Mr. Lippmann spurns the scientific spirit, and with it the services of the healthy German boys, is of no great importance. Nor does it matter that, once a votary in the house of Marx, our Elucidator now worships in the house of Morgan. Nor is it strange that, being a rather suggestible person and having no compass of his own, Mr. Lippmann should have been steered into port by the captains of big business. "Big business has always respected Mr. Lippmann's utterances," said Mr. Thomas Lamont, in proposing a resolution expressing gratitude for Mr. Lippmann's public services at the dinner of the Academy of Political Science on March 25, 1931. "They have always been constructive. He has those rare qualities of investigation and judgment."

But what matters, I think, is that, inconsequential as his writings appear to people who understand the political and economic structure, the illusion of intellectuality which they produce, largely by references to irrelevant authorities but partly by a good journalistic technique, causes him to be regarded by unthinking people as a seer whose lips are wet with water from the well of truth. Again—and this is perhaps the chief objection to be urged against Mr. Lippmann as a publicist—though he maintains a certain footing as a liberal by being on the popular side of such adjudicated issues as collective bargaining, the Ku Klux Klan, the bonus, and economy in government, the general message of his writings is neither liberal nor democratic. Their effect is to counteract the efforts of the men and women of good-will who, under heavy enough difficulties it must be admitted, are trying to check plutocracy's advance and bring into American life a saner division of power and a more decent distribution of wealth and opportunity.

In effect, Mr. Lippmann warns his readers not to listen to such people. He warns them that their criticisms and exposures of big business are exaggerated and on the whole unwarranted. How, indeed, could they be otherwise if, as Mr. Lippmann tells us, big business is in the hands of disinterested men inspired by the religion of science? He tells us, in effect, that there is no cause for anxiety, no need for worry, for effort, for struggle. Big business is taking care of things for all of us. Let us suspend judgment. Let us wait; let us learn. Let us remain calmly above the battle.

Mr. Lippmann thinks as if we had an eternity of time. He writes as though there were no hungry people in the world. He writes as though the privileged class in this country were ready to take its responsibilities seriously, and seriously become the friends and shepherds of the people; and as if this were a desirable consummation. And consistently he denies what is axiomatic, and I fear long will be so, that is, that the only way to advance toward what he calls the Great Society lies in recognizing the problem that confronts us in plutocracy; in seeing big business for what it is, namely, a cynical money-making machine; in destroying the privileges that sustain its power, and in forcing it to behave by the strength of law and the scourge of public opinion.

Sometimes I reread Ignatius Donnelly's fascinating book about the lost continent of Atlantis. According to Donnelly's theory, for which, it must be confessed, he adduces considerable proof, the gods of ancient mythology were once men and women. They were the captains of finance and industry, the aristocracy and outstanding citizens of the kingdom of Atlantis. And when that unfortunate land sank into the sea leaving only the tips of its mountains, the Azores, to mark its place, the personalities and achievements of these eminent citizens, plus the magic action of time, raised them to divinity, for the worship of credulous peoples to come. Jupiter was perhaps a distinguished figure in politics; Vulcan, a noted ironmaster; Neptune, the leading spirit in the merchant marine; Mercury, head of the intercommunication and utility trust; Venus, the hostess of a smart speakeasy; Orpheus, possibly an inspired pastor who, like Dr. Guthrie of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, inaugurated an aesthetic ritual of dance and song.

Even until today, though Atlantis is gone, the Atlantean impulse persists, according to Donnelly, in certain animals of the lesser order, especially the leamings. These trusting rodents still swim out from the mainland, and searching for the lost continent and its dead divinities, drown in their fruitless quest.

And so, out of his heroes of Wall Street—an Atlantis which, if sinkable, is at least not quite sunk—Mr. Lippmann creates his own theogony, with Mr. Lamont and Mr. Morgan sitting on the peak of Olympus, and his lesser gods taking their proper and respective places on the Olympian slope.

That the panic and the great deflation have likewise deflated Mr. Lippmann's theogony, restoring its members to human shape almost before divinity had set in, is not Mr. Lippmann's fault. It is but another proof of his shockingly bad luck. Here he has his batch of hero-gods, all baked and ready for the market, and along comes the depression—and alas, at what price can he peddle them now?

[*The second article in the series on Mr. Lippmann, entitled "The New Tammany," will appear in the next issue.*]

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Government Without Congress

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, June 24

TO a judicious observer it would seem that the Administration is deliberately maneuvering toward a point where it will dust off its hands and say to the nations of the earth: "Now you can *all* go to hell!" Recent events in Washington and London are hardly open to any other interpretation. All the tangible evidence not only says that we are steering toward a policy of economic nationalism, coupled with naval and military preparedness, but says that Roosevelt has believed from the start that such a policy was inevitable. Our crisp refusal to stabilize the dollar lest it impede the rise of domestic prices, our curt retort to the debt defaulters, and the announcement of an impressive naval building program are sufficient proof that Roosevelt has staked his faith on the domestic-recovery program rather than on the London and Geneva conferences. This might have been obvious to a discerning eye some time ago. The provisions in the national-recovery bill authorizing the President to declare embargoes and fix quotas on imports do not argue that he expected the London conference to arrive at satisfactory trade agreements or tariff reductions; the provisions in the public-works section enabling him to expand naval and military expenditures suggest that he was none too hopeful over the outcome at Geneva. Indeed, the whole measure clearly reveals that Administration policies have consistently been formulated on the assumption that both conferences would flop. These observations are not made in a spirit of either praise or blame. Being by nature a man of peace, I regard all wars, whether military, naval, or economic, as the pastimes of romantic barbarians. On the other hand, diagnosing the military hydrophobia which afflicts Japan, and noting how the nations of Europe ganged up on Uncle Sam in London, I am forcibly reminded that the good Lord continues to help them that help themselves. With the exception of Russia we are the only great nation to display an ounce of international altruism. Well, what has it got us? It has got us the same old run-around. If we are driven to a policy of economic self-sufficiency and military preparedness, what then? The next logical step would be an understanding with that other international "villain," Soviet Russia. In time of trouble it would be quite a comfort to know that the finest army in the world was at Japan's back door, and industrial recovery would hardly be retarded by having the largest foreign market thrown open to American goods. And if that, my masters, be chauvinism, or Ku Kluxism, or Hearstism, or bolshevism, make the most of it.

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THE inauguration of the industrial-recovery program has precipitated a spectacle of chaos without a parallel, even in war time. This is especially true of the industrial-control administration, headed by General Hugh S. Johnson. We see the dynamic General, with few competent assistants and no money, struggling to perfect his organization, discover his powers, determine his policies, and define his objectives—all in the space of a week. In short, we see him trying to complete in a few days a job that would normally require several months. Hamstrung by the jealous bureaucrats of the Commerce Department, he threatens to pack up and move his entire organization to another building—a threat which he may execute before these lines are printed. The Bureau of the Budget moves him to profane eloquence by vetoing his salary schedule of $25 a day for certain men who have been accustomed, even in these depressed years, to salaries of $40,000 a year and upward. It is like a madhouse. But for the aid and comfort of a few such men as Donald Richberg, Dr. Leo Wolman, and Sidney Hillman, and the sympathetic cooperation of Secretary Perkins, the doughty General, with all his energy and fire, would simply be swamped. But if industrial-control headquarters present a scene of chaos, let us consider the spectacle presented by industry itself. We perceive not less than 2,000 trade-association lawyers whipping up their respective clients to rush in with codes governing trade practices, wages, and working hours—all of them impelled solely by a desire to escape the operation of the federal anti-trust laws. We perceive that about 30 per cent of the captains of industry continue to hold back—although they send delegations to Washington to find out whether there is any danger that they may be left out in the cold. Strangest of all, we discover the Steel Corporation in a frantic rush to organize its employees, even to the extent of notifying them formally of their right to select their own representatives and to bargain collectively. Meanwhile the bituminous coal operators goggle incredulously at the opportunity to organize themselves, while striving to retain the gory privilege of cutting each others' throats, and the throats of their employees.

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HARDLY have the operators begun to quarrel among themselves, before President Lewis of the United Mine Workers launches a campaign to unionize the entire industry. This is followed promptly by reports of mines being closed and families evicted from company shacks. The mad dogs of American industry are fighting back. It is a profound relief to find a large number of industries actually trying to comply with the letter and the spirit of the law. Foremost among them are the manufacturers of electrical appliances, obviously influenced by the intelligent counsel of Gerard Swope. General Johnson believes that the example set by these employers will be followed almost unanimously. The General, however, is a born optimist. If previous form means anything, he is slated for plenty of trouble with the reactionary element led by Jim Emery and President Lund of the National Manufacturers Association. Those gentlemen continue to issue intensely patriotic statements, but it will be interesting to see how they perform. The fact is that American industrialists are in a state of unprecedented uncertainty. Their lawyers tell them one thing, their consciences tell them another, and always they are haunted by fear of the Roosevelt Big Stick. Not over-equipped with brains in the first place, their immediate predicament is truly

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pathetic, and it would be easy to sympathize with them if all one's sympathies were not already exhausted over the poor devils who do their work and buy their goods.

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AS forecast in this place two weeks ago (if you don't mind a good old journalistic bromide), the attempt of the railroads to superimpose a wage cut of 12½ per cent on the 10 per cent deduction now prevailing met with a crushing rebuff at the hands of the Administration. Seeking a reduction in the basic rate of pay of their employees (the 10 per cent is a *deduction,* not a *reduction*), the rail owners were routed at every point. The best they could get was an extension of the 10 per cent deduction for another eight months. At the end of that period, the basic rate automatically will be in effect. Official statements on the outcome were carefully composed to save the operators' feelings, but the fact is they were badly licked. It was a fool enterprise from the beginning, and confronted with the judicious and impassive authority of Coordinator Joseph Eastman, backed to the limit by President Roosevelt, they wound up ignominiously by signing an agreement drafted by Richberg, representing the rail workers. To a man from Mars it probably would seem that the rail barons had learned their lesson, but I am of the earth, earthy, and extremely skeptical about their ability to learn anything. Long after we have government ownership they will be mumbling into their beards, and wondering how it all happened.

The World Conference at Work

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

London, June 17

"THAT conference opened at the beginning of this week in an atmosphere of gloom and almost of despair"—these are the words of General Smuts in an address made at Oxford last night. They are no exaggeration. I have attended a number of such international gatherings, but not even the totally abortive one at Genoa in 1922 opened in so listless and hopeless a spirit as this one. The inaugural speeches of the King and of Ramsay MacDonald were excellent and were well received. But from that moment the conference was blanketed by the debt-payment issue and the question of the stabilization of the pound sterling and the dollar. A high and impeccable authority assures me that the World Economic Conference was deliberately called together on June 12, three days before the half-yearly debt payments to the United States were due, in the belief that this was a smart trick. Apparently the idea was that the conference itself would throw the debt payments into the background and that because of the existence of the conference, which was to solve every problem and straighten out the whole world, the American government and public opinion would look leniently upon a default by England and renewed defaults by others.

This may have been sound strategy; I doubt it. It not only relegated the conference to second place in the news, but increased the feeling that the important decisions, if any, will not be reached in the conference itself but in the several chancelleries or the board room of the Bank of England. And no sooner was the British offer of seven millions accepted and out of the way than the question of the stabilization of the dollar and pound became the all-important issue. The juxtaposition of the conference and the debt payment did, however, have one good result—it improved the spirit of the conference and increased such faint cordiality as existed between the English and American delegations. Had the President not accepted the British offer, and in such graceful and happy terms as he did, General Smuts would not have been able to add to the words at the head of this article his opinion that there was a "perceptible" change for the better in the spirit of the conference by the end of the first week. None the less, if General Smuts were to be cross-examined as to the grounds for his optimism, I am sure that he would have to fall back upon the belief that when the choice is clearly between sinking and swimming, men usually manage to swim. A slight reed to lean upon! The General was indubitably right when in his opening address he pointed out that this conference, and the highly alarming state of the world, were the direct result of the madness of Versailles. No one else could have said this so well because it was Jan Smuts himself who had the supreme courage to protest against the treaty in that last direful session in Paris.

Today the most that close observers expect of the conference is action to prevent further tariff strife and to achieve the cessation of currency warfare, together with an agreement for an eventual return to the gold standard at some far-off period. One of the greatest English experts, whose Cassandra-like prophecies have too often come true, has just said to me: "I do not expect much of this conference. It is the next one that will really act." "The *next,*" I said, appalled, "when will that meet?" "A year hence—in Washington, I hope. The reason for it? Well, this one aims to stop further national bankruptcies and will achieve something along that line. The next will have to deal with the question of grave national revolutions." At least he was more cheerful than one of our foremost American experts. To my reminder that this was the eleventh hour for the nations, he replied cynically: "I am not sure that it is not the thirteenth."

To the bad start of the conference our own American delegation contributed not a little. Despite the presence on it of Secretary Hull and Senator Couzens, it is not one to be proud of. Nor has its conduct been distinguished by tact and the best of manners. Why did President Roosevelt have to send over a group of men utterly inexperienced in European affairs and especially in gatherings of this kind? That is like sending men into battle with shotguns to oppose others with machine-guns. Our delegation could see nothing wrong in its leading members absenting themselves the first session of the first working day. Mr. Hull himself apparently did not realize that his failure to speak at the opening on Tuesday cast away an extraordinary opportunity for the United States to dominate the whole proceedings—and threw those

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proceedings into such disarray that Ramsay MacDonald had to adjourn the conference early for lack of prepared speeches to take the place of Mr. Hull's announced address.

The excuse was that the Secretary's speech had to be cabled to the President at the last moment for his approval. The White House suggested a few changes and it took nearly twenty-four hours to make these in London, although the speech could have been written three months ago and could have remained unaltered thereafter. Indeed, as one of the foreign delegates put it to me: "It was a perfectly sound utterance which would have been an excellent progressive speech when William J. Bryan was running for your Presidency." The French press was not so polite. It spoke of the speech as one of "appalling inanity." The truth is that Mr. Hull was in a deep hole because, incredible as it seems, the commission was sent over here apparently without any definite program, and because its members are not with Mr. Hull in his admirable tariff views; I doubt if the President is. Most statesmen would have refused to assume the headship of the delegation under these conditions, but Mr. Hull is a good soldier and obeyed his President's orders to lead his divided delegation.

That does not mitigate the fact that so far our delegates have contributed nothing whatever to the proceedings, that some of them appear almost as if dazed, and that they are here purely on an opportunist basis—that is, to feel their way and jump in where they can. Mr. Hull is interested only in tariff reduction; he and his associates cannot even talk on debts or on the stabilization of the dollar and pound, which is in the hands of others—they have nothing whatever to do with it. They were delighted with their success in getting Jim Cox into the chairmanship of the monetary committee when they might better have wept. For what on earth does that ex-Governor of Ohio know about the question? It would have been far wiser if the able Dutchman suggested for the place had received it. More than that, the conference knows perfectly that if Mr. Hull could obtain the world-wide 10 per cent lateral tariff cut which he wishes, there is no prospect that Congress would agree to it. So, as the situation stands today and unless there is a great change, the prospects are that our delegates will not pull their weight in the conference boat, much less steer it. The American press correspondents here do not conceal their mortification; one told me that after crossing the ocean with the delegates he seriously considered cabling that he wished another assignment. You may hear of serious dissension in the delegation before this article arrives.

On the other hand, it can be said of the delegates that they are kindly, well-meaning, and personally harmonious. They do not agree with Mr. Hull, but they realize that this simple and modest Secretary of State has no desire to steal the spotlight, or play the dominating role of Woodrow Wilson at Paris. Of course, far abler and more experienced men than these would find their situation almost impossible. They are supposed to be in London to clear the channels of international trade and to restore normality of life everywhere, and they cannot vote to reduce the tariff obstacles, first, because they do not wish to, and second, because they have no authority to do so. They may help the conference to an agreement on cheap money, enlarged credits, wholesale public works, an international reduction of hours of labor, and so forth, even to world-wide currency stabilization—at least by tentative agreement. But as long as there is no radical grappling with the tariff, and the war-debt question is not settled, trade will not be freed of its worst restrictions.

Professor Raymond Moley is on his way over to buck up the American delegation and help it to a great success. But this is the same Raymond Moley who on May 20 made a radio speech saying that there was not much to be hoped from the World Conference and that it would not make much difference to the United States anyway, since it must "build the basis of its prosperity at home." That speech alone might well have kept Professor Moley away. It, too, made a bad impression here. I confess to complete surprise that Franklin Roosevelt, who has himself been abroad so much, does not realize the weakness of such an emissary. One thing is sure: the Europeans cannot understand procedure of this kind.

To return to the conference, there have been so far only three notable speeches—those of General Smuts, Neville Chamberlain, and Maxim Litvinov. Indeed, I should be justified in saying that the Litvinov speech was the only really valuable one. Smuts made some excellent suggestions about getting the conference down to work. Chamberlain stated the English case, clearly, concretely, and ably—a refreshing change from the platitudes of almost everybody else, and in the best House of Commons manner. But Litvinov, unhampered by capitalist tradition, spoke with freedom and frankness and offered the golden bait of a billion dollars' worth of immediate additional business if only the other nations would extend credits, remove embargoes, enter into diplomatic relations with Russia, and generally "play the game." Like the Russian disarmament offers at Geneva, Mr. Litvinov's proposals were ignored. As if with deliberate discourtesy, Mr. Hull got up in the middle of Litvinov's speech and walked out—sublimely unconscious, of course, that any significance might attach to his doing so—just as he is probably entirely unaware that he made a speech on his arrival at Queenstown that was as tactless as it was offensive to the British. To add to his offending, Litvinov offered a resolution of general purport to suspend all embargoes and reprisals of one country against another during the conference, which would undo the latest English boycott of Russia. His proposals are, of course, too sensible for adoption.

As for Neville Chamberlain's speech, it had the additional merit of showing England's hand. Unfortunately that means that he asked *messieurs les autres* to do away with their quotas and embargoes and tariffs, while making it quite clear that the quotas imposed by England and her dominions were, bless your soul, on a wholly different footing from the arbitrary quotas of other people. He, too, sought to define "reasonable tariffs"—which, it appears, are our old friends the tariffs to equalize costs of production—without in the least understanding the impossibility of doing this in the face of ever-shifting labor and currency and trade conditions, or paying any attention to what such tariffs mean to the home consumer. If it left the conference somewhat clearer as to the task ahead of it, the Chancellor's speech also revealed exactly the stubborn national obstinacies upon which it is most likely to be wrecked. As the *Spectator* well puts it, if the conference does its job, "that involves the resolute destruction of the barriers each nation has built up around its frontiers. It means exposing protected industries to external competition." Who will begin? Not the United

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States or England! Hence the bewilderment as to how anything much more worth while can come out of this conference than out of the various disarmament conferences. Perhaps my friend is right: perhaps we must go nearer to destruction than we are before the nations of the earth will really apply themselves to putting to work the 30,000,000 unemployed and the 60,000,000 additional human beings who, as Litvinov phrased it, "are eking out a semi-starved existence in countries embraced by the crisis."

If this conference is largely composed of men who will not see, it is at least a great advance over the fatal one at Versailles, only three members of which have seats in this assembly. Thank heaven, there is not a single professional soldier present, and none of the bloodstained premiers of 1919. There are even a few women in evidence. But the question to be answered is simply whether these successors to the counselers of Versailles have sufficient wisdom, courage, and *freedom of action* to save that wreck which is the world.

"Austria Is Not Germany"

By O. W. HOLDEN

Vienna, June 2

I WASTED a good deal of valuable energy in passionate outbursts of indignation against Austrian friends who refused to be aroused even in private conversation to any more violent protest against Hitlerism than a shrug of the shoulders, before it began to dawn on me what an effective front a whole nation of shoulder-shruggers can put up.

"But this is just the attitude on the part of intelligent people," I used to insist, "that makes situations like the persecution of the Jews in Germany possible. How can you feel so calm about such stupid injustice?"

"There is stupidity and injustice everywhere in the world and all the time," they answered. "If one doesn't accept it philosophically one must be every moment *aufgeregt*. In America, for instance—"

"Yes," I would interrupt hastily (Scottsboro only too well in mind), "but people of my own kind at home don't take such things so quietly. As individuals they feel a certain responsibility to take some definite stand."

Again that shrug— "But what's the use? What can they accomplish?"

"Not much—not enough," I would have to answer, "but every person has a small circle of influence—a few people who can't think for themselves may be swayed by your opinion, and this thing is threatening at your very door. Austria has a bigger percentage of Jews than Germany, and the Nazi movement has been almost exclusively nourished on anti-Semitism. If it sweeps over Austria finally, how can you and people like you feel entirely guiltless?"

And then I got my first positive reaction. "Austria is not Germany," they answered with frigid finality.

And now I am beginning to get the point. At first, as German Nazis cavorted with noisy expectancy along Austrian borders and Nazi ministers smiled confidently toward Austria in "unauthorized" speeches about a "united Germania," I waited impatiently for an unequivocal government stand. It seemed to me that the poor Social Democrats were the only ones whose spirits were to be broken by the *Regierung's* blanket measures against organized opposition. Up to May 1 Austrian Nazis might have been supposed to be almost non-existent as a national group, for all the direct official notice taken of them. Nazis themselves, officially unrebuked, chose clamorously to interpret each new prohibitive ordinance as a missile aimed exclusively at the Social Democrats.

German Nazis received their first intimation that a united Austria might not be waiting for them with open arms when some of the resort towns decided it might be more peaceful for visitors taking the cure if other visitors in the uniforms of the several political armies were not squabbling over politics. After thinking it over the mayors of these towns came to the conclusion that of course no "good Germans" would vacation where obviously they were not wanted —and an official boycott was on.

Austrian Nazis immediately launched a campaign of patriotic fervor in defense of the tourist trade, speaking sternly to the offending mayors for their shortsighted and unpatriotic behavior. These gentlemen responded with round-eyed surprise to such misreading of their motives; of course their German neighbors would be welcomed to Austria with the customary warmth of former years, and so forth, and so forth. Polite shoulders were all prepared to meet further angry denunciations I am sure, but meanwhile the cartoonists' festival was on. It became difficult for any Nazi who could read to ignore the fact that he was being pretty universally laughed at—as he saw himself pictured fending off with a mammoth paw from the mountain beer garden great hordes of English and Americans and Swiss, while Fritz and his family, including the natty uniformed son, lunched expansively among the empty tables.

And then came May Day, which the government made an occasion for an impressive demonstration of its military strength by a complete one-day barricade of the Inner Town. The Nazis, as they stalked back and forth in front of massed machine-guns, behaved much like schoolboys who manage to establish a sense of innocence in their own breasts by puffing out their chests and looking meaningly at the other fellows when the schoolmaster begins to test his birch. The Social Democrats, after one bitter outburst of angry chagrin at being deprived of their traditional festivities for that day, have been unaccustomedly silent. It looks as if they wisely realize that they will be stronger eventually if they keep to the role of the problem child, temporarily willing in the interests of family solidarity to cease annoying its parents while they are dealing with the troublesome outsider.

And at last "Little Dollfuss" has begun to hand out that deal with the smoothness of a practiced magician. After May Day the next holiday on the calendar was May 14, the anniversary of the freeing of Austria from the Turks. Nazi ministers were planning to come from Berlin to help celebrate the historic occasion. Austrian Nazis so far forgot themselves as to depart from the suave and devious ways of tra-

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ditional Austrian politics by headlining their papers with "In fourteen days we are coming!" Then the devious methods of government began to stir in response. First the ban on uniforms went out for all private guards except the Heimwehr. The Schutzbund of the Social Democrats having been dissolved before this, there was no major group left to be affected except the Nazis, and they could not fail to recognize the implication. Their public protest was a most delightful evidence that "Austria is not Germany," for one can hardly imagine German Nazis laying aside their sober brown uniforms for high silk hats and whatever other adjuncts to the attire of aristocratic elegance each individual could muster. Unfortunately, this has been the only government action which the Nazis had an excuse to construe as specially directed against themselves; otherwise we might have been treated to other heartening forms of devastating sarcasm on the part of the Austrian branch, which would have further distinguished them from the humorless parent stem.

Next came the announcement that an oath of allegiance to the *Regierung* was to be required of all active civil employees and pensioners, with the loss of jobs or pensions for those refusing—or failing to qualify. Among the latter would be included any persons wearing the insignia of a party considered anti-governmental by the administrators of the oath. The details of this have not been entirely worked out, but there are to be no high-handed methods—no throwing people out of jobs wholesale because of their opinions, indeed not. Everyone has a right to think as he pleases. But a lot of Nazis are having to weigh carefully at the moment the choice between active party affiliation and a pay check. And the Austrians are not a nation of impractical idealists. Also they are not conspicuously fitted by temperament for the long-continued strain of secret allegiance. What good is a political club if a man can't go publicly to his cafe and consort with his fellows?

Bludgeoning Nazi raids on Heimwehr and Social Democratic students in the university and technical schools have been increasing in violence and bloodiness this month; numbers of youngsters are laid up in hospitals with severe injuries. There seemed to be a disquieting lack of cooperation on the part of many government-paid professors in quelling these unfortunate disturbances. Since wholesale arrests of rioters did little good, the order has lately gone out that the next school which is the scene of a student battle will be closed for a period of time to be fixed by the government, all teachers to receive half-pay during this period. The outlook is bright for the peaceful progress of education.

But none of this was as interesting to me as the approaching visit from Germany. I was reserving May 13 in my mind as the deciding date after which I could conscientiously answer the inquiries of American friends as to whether in my opinion Austria would be a reasonably peaceful vacation ground. Official Austria's polite refusal to recognize the visit officially might mean something and it might not. There was also to be considered a pointed suggestion from high German quarters that such discourtesy might necessitate sending further ranks of German Nazis to Vienna to bolster up the honor of the Austrian division. More significant was the elevating of Fey, a notorious foe of the Nazis, from the simple rank of a Heimwehr captain to the lofty position of Minister of Public Safety. This took place a few days before the thirteenth.

All very hopeful, I thought, but—I was still from Missouri. Now I have been shown and it took just three days to show me. On Saturday, the thirteenth, the airplane from Berlin landed on schedule, and Herren Frank and Kerrl and entourage were greeted with a handsome speech at the field by Vice-Police President Skubal, who regretted that as official guests they were unwelcome but tendered them as private citizens the most respectful greetings on the part of his government, which intended to express its good-will not only in words but by providing them with a police escort for the length of their stay. It was unfortunately necessary, however, to warn the honored guests to confine their public remarks to the subject of the historical occasion being celebrated. The rest of the day passed fairly smoothly, with 14,000 Nazis in prearranged assemblies receiving from their German comrades greetings which were only occasionally interrupted by mild suggestions from the police.

On Sunday the visitors went to Mödling near Vienna, where, in their professional capacity as German jurists, they were warmly but briefly addressed by the mayor. But on Sunday something more interesting was happening in Vienna. The delivery of the country from the Turks was being spectacularly celebrated by a monster parade of 40,000 Heimwehr members called in from every province of Austria.

On Monday the German party with its faithful escort proceeded by automobile to Graz. There Herr Frank lamentably forgot his private status and attempted an undeniably political speech. It was just too bad, but the commanding police officer must with profound apologies request Herr Frank and companions to enter their cars at once and take the direct route to the German border. There were answering suggestions that such brusque action would undoubtedly reap dire consequences, but again the shrugged shoulder indicated that orders were orders.

At St. Gilgen near Salzburg the Germans were hungry and wished to stop to eat. The chief of the Salzburg police obligingly put through a call to Vienna and received gracious permission for the departing guests to pause for *refreshment only*. But eating was a long and leisurely affair, and somehow the *Gasthaus* got very full of friends of Herr Frank during its process. It was only natural that he should wish to make a few comradely remarks of farewell to them as he rose to depart. But this time the kindly police hand fell on his shoulder with a propulsive firmness not to be disregarded, and before he realized it the honored guest had been escorted to the door, bundled solicitously with his companions into the waiting cars, and whisked straight over the border into Germany. On the same afternoon the Vienna papers, in their accounts of the Heimwehr parade, mentioned that so many of the trains carrying homeward-bound divisions had been stoned by Nazis that a government investigation would be necessary to determine if the attacks had been by an chance organized from a central source.

Since the government has decided to look this far over its shoulder, it will undoubtedly discover, perhaps by the time this is read, that those gangs of obstreperous youngsters, the Austrian divisions of the Hitler storm troops, are a shocking anomaly in a suave and civilized state, and must disband or go somewhere else to play.

"A bit late," the Social Democrats will remark balefully—but probably not without a small secret share in the generally mounting Austrian pride in smart Little Dollfus.

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Not Staged for Tourists

By JOHN ROTHSCHILD

IT is not the relics of the past which draw most of us abroad, but rather the wish to sample another way of living than our own. Every summer there are events in Europe which are not staged for tourists, which are little advertised or known, and which present in a few days, a day, or some hours a whole broad phase of culture. We have assembled here advance information regarding some of these incidents.

Music. Besides the great music festivals, to which added interest attaches this year because of the Wagner and Brahms memorials, lesser musical events offer delight to the music lover. One of the most interesting is the Haslemere Festival of Chamber Music, which will be held from July 17 to 29 in Surrey, England. This is conducted by the remarkable Dolmetsch family, makers of old instruments. The charm of the event flows from the intimate family circle of musician-craftsmen as well as from the lovely old chamber music which they revive on the original instruments. This year the Dolmetsches will present a Bach concerto for four harpsichords, many compositions for the clavichord, works of the English fantasy writers, and folk music from the Middle Ages to the sixteenth century. The medieval English harp with brass strings has been added to their ensemble.

Drama. A great peasant audience riding in carts or trudging the dusty roads assembles at Orange in the south of France the last three days in July for the series of Greek plays in the old Roman theater. The Opéra Comique of Paris performs them. The brightly costumed audience is as fascinating as the plays.

The Malvern Festival becomes more important as a center of English dramatic production with each summer's presentation. This year Sir Barry Jackson offers a historical cycle beginning with a fifteenth-century miracle play. For the modern play he has chosen "The Sleeping Clergyman," by James Bridie. This is a departure from the Festival tradition of presenting new Shaw plays as representative of modern English drama. The cycle includes "Gammer Gurton's Needle"; "The Fair Maid of the West," by Thomas Heywood; "All for Love," by Dryden; "The Love Chase," by Sheridan Knowles; and "The Dancing Girl," by Henry Arthur Jones. A series of morning lectures accompanies the Festival. Allardyce Nicoll, who recently was appointed to the post held by George Pierce Baker in the Yale School of the Drama, will be one of four eminent lecturers. A fee of ten dollars is charged for the lecture course. Tickets for the week's plays cost from eleven to fifteen dollars, but one may buy seats for single performances. The cycle is given three times, betwen July 24 and August 12. Arrangements may be made through the Drama League Travel Bureau, Barbizon Plaza Hotel, New York.

Festivals. Religious observances in Europe are inseparable from pageantry and folk festivals. Whether or not one is a believer, one must recognize a vital form of human expression in the Pardons of Brittany or the blessing of the fishermen's nets in some little seacoast town.

During July, August, and early September there are processions and harvest thanksgivings in every countryside. They vary with the local harvest in size and splendor and are not announced far in advance; but one may often stumble upon them in the course of a Sunday drive along the Rhine, or in Austria, or in any of the Latin countries. Folk dancing and singing, pageants, the wearing of ancestral costumes are part of such festivals, as well as much drinking and merriment. There may even be a little fair or market, at which products of local handicrafts are for sale.

The Feast of the Redemption is celebrated in Venice on July 16 with solemn masses in the church and high carnival on the canals. This is one occasion when the visitor need not be a passive watcher, but may merge into the crowd of merrymakers. Your gondola will be caught up in one of the many processions, and young Venetians will perhaps leap in to visit you.

The Palio at Siena (Italy) is a colorful occasion. The peasants come into town with their sturdy hill ponies and lead them into the church to be blessed. The town dwellers hang out banners and rugs from every window and cornice. In the great Piazza del Campo a pageant of the ancient Sienese republic is performed with spirit. As the procession moves through the square, the standard bearers wave their flags, throw them into the air, and perform a thousand miracles of color. Finally, the blessed horses are ridden in an exciting bareback race around the square. For the rest of the day the festival is celebrated in the streets with dancing and singing. It takes place twice during the summer, on July 2 and August 16.

Art. There are fewer art exhibitions of consequence in Europe this year because of the World's Fair in Chicago, which has absorbed funds and exhibits. However, the Triennial Exhibition of Modern Art and Architecture in Milan, which opened in May and can be seen all summer, is excellent. It is held under the patronage of the Italian government in the new Palace of Arts. Every imaginable development of the decorative arts is represented. There are extensive exhibits of glass, ceramics, metals, sculpture, painting, furniture, textiles, and even an "international show of furniture for ships and trains." The architectural division contains real houses fully equipped.

For the "Dresden Jubilee Summer" (Germany) the city is showing the art treasures of King August the Strong, who ruled Saxony in the early eighteenth century and was a prodigious collector. The porcelains and jewels are especially fine. Many curious souvenirs of this fantastic ruler are on display, each neatly incased in its own legend—the horseshoe he broke when he was forty-one years old, the hunting rifles which no other man could fire, the jeweled mementos he presented to a mistress whom he afterwards imprisoned for forty years.

Toruń (Poland) celebrates the 700th anniversary of its founding this summer with expositions of contemporary arts and handicrafts and a rare collection of old religious art.

Politics. The Institute of World Affairs at Mondsee (Austria) offers lectures on international questions by a distinguished faculty, including Roscoe Pound, dean of the Harvard Law School; Eduard Benes, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Czecho-Slovakia; Georges Oprescu, Rumanian member of the Secretariat of the League of Nations; André Siegfried; Paul Monroe, president of Robert College, Istanbul; and others. Lectures will be in English. The program lasts from July 1 to August 11, with a week's extension at

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the Geneva Institute of International Relations. This includes lectures by members of the League Secretariat and other experts in international relations. It is possible to register for a shorter period. The rate for one week is forty dollars, which includes lodging and meals, lectures, and local sightseeing and outings. The fee for the Geneva Institute is ten dollars. Further information can be obtained from the Institute of International Education, 2 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

The Assembly of the League of Nations convenes on September 4. The Council meets about two days before the Assembly, concurrently with it, and continues for about a week after the Assembly adjourns. Other committees of the League meet during the summer months. Students of international affairs may obtain tickets for the meetings of the Council, the Assembly, and the various other League organizations from the American Committee of the League of Nations Association, 53 Quai Wilson, Geneva.

A World Congress of Youth against War and Fascism is to be held in Paris on August 5, 6, and 7. An American committee has been organized to make known the aims of the congress and to urge the young people of this country to support it. Inquiries may be addressed to Carl Geiser, secretary, at 104 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Sports. A sports competition that escapes the twin evils of professionalism and commercialism is the Turnfest at Stuttgart (Germany) the last four days in July. It is an international event held every year in some German city, and is joyously amateur in spirit. Individual feats are less highly regarded than group gymnastics, mass rhythmics, and general all-round athletic proficiency. Folk dancing and singing, choruses, processions, and bonfires, a performance of Schiller's "Robbers" in an open-air theater in the Bopser Forest are among the festive events.

[*This is the last of a series of articles giving travel information of interest to* Nation *readers.*]

In the Driftway

THE Drifter was set to speculating on the future of country newspapers when he read the other day of the death of William Benjamin Franklin Townsend, printer-editor of the Dahlonega (Georgia) *Nugget*. Dahlonega was once a gold-mining town—so the obituaries said, the Drifter had never known it—of enough importance to have a government mint, and for some forty years Townsend got out the *Nugget* once a week, single-handed. According to a technique once not uncommon but now probably almost extinct, Townsend composed the contents of the paper as he stood before his printer's case, setting the type by hand as he went along. It is said that he never read proof and never looked at his paper after it came off his old-fashioned hand press. If there were errors, he was happily oblivious until somebody else called them to his attention. Wise editor! For there will always be errors in a paper anyhow. The Drifter knows one nearer home than Dahlonega where people write in, telephone, and call belligerently to protest against errors even after the most scrupulous editing and proofreading. Townsend had three dictionaries but said he was too busy ever to consult them. Another good editorial principle! Looking up words in a dictionary is a habit which grows on an editor, sapping his self-confidence. He never lives long enough to get all the plaguey words looked up.

* * * * *

"SOMETIMES in preparing an article for the *Nugget*," Townsend once wrote, "we do not take a single bite of gramma, but tell it plainly like we were talking to our darling baby." Although the editor of the *Nugget* had a family with which he was on good terms, he liked privacy and for many years had lived alone in a shack beside the other one in which he printed his paper. He slept from sundown to 2 a. m. with his feet hanging over the footboard of the bed, and once let his readers in for a glimpse of his sleeping habits by saying in the *Nugget*: "When retiring last night it was still warm enough for us to pull off our breeches, as is our custom on warm nights." The last thing Townsend did was to finish a column of local news with the sentence "The editor is sick." Then he sat down to rest for a moment—and never got up. He was seventy-eight years old.

* * * * *

THE printer-editor is a disappearing type, but the personal journalism which he exemplified and the country newspaper where he flourished are on the upgrade, the Drifter thinks. Anonymous and colorless journalism reached its zenith in this country at least a generation ago, since when there has not only been an injection of more personality through signed columns but a greater demand for individual writing in the unsigned material. The country weekly, too, seems destined for a renaissance. The reason for this, as the Drifter sees it, is the back-to-the-country movement from our cities, insuring better support for the small-community press, coupled with a tendency on the part of big-city papers to become more and more national in character and circulation. As yet America has no national dailies in the sense, say, that France has, where the leading Parisian dailies go all over the republic. The *Matin,* the *Journal,* the *Petit Parisien* are on sale even in remote hamlets, to a large extent on the day of publication. Nothing of this sort has been possible hitherto in America because of our great distances and difficulties of transportation, but the Drifter looks for the day when a few great metropolitan dailies, delivered by airplane and automobile, will cover the country with general news and comment. The weaker city papers will disappear.

* * * * *

AT the same time the field will be greatly extended for local papers giving the home news and gossip while ignoring national and international happenings. Many of our metropolitan newspapers already are so general as to leave a field in their own area for regional journalism. The outlying boroughs of New York, for instance, have their own dailies as well as weeklies. As metropolitan newspapers become fewer and more national in circulation, the small-town and country press will come back. All success to it!

THE DRIFTER

It Pays to Fight for Lower Rates, by O. S. Dean, the seventh in a series of articles on electric power and the consumer, will appear in next week's issue.

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Correspondence

Trotzky and Sidney Hook

[Leon Trotzky has given *The Nation* permission to use his letter to Sidney Hook which follows. It contains comment on Professor Hook's article, Marxism—Dogma or Method? which appeared in our issue of March 15. Comment by Professor Hook on Trotzky's remarks is appended.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

DEAR PROFESSOR HOOK:

I read with interest your article in *The Nation* and it provoked in me some doubts.

1. The title of your article, Marxism—Dogma or Method? provokes a certain disquietude. The alternative does not cover the question. Marxism is not a dogma; but it is not *only* a method; it is also a doctrine. The materialist dialectic is a method. Marx, however, not only formulated this method, but applied it in two domains, by creating the theory of capitalist economy (science) and the theory of the historical processes (the "philosophy of history"—more exactly, a science).

2. The concluding phrase of your article declares that "it [Marxism] is neither dogma, myth, nor objective science, but a realistic method of class action." What means here the word "realistic"? Obviously it means based upon the true knowledge of the objective—in that case, social—processes; the knowledge of the objective is a science. The Marxian policy is realistic in so far as it is based upon Marxism *as a science.*

3. You say that the Marxian doctrine can no more be understood independent of its revolutionary aims than the prescriptions of a physician independent of the concern of health. Within certain limits it is possible to accept this comparison. But the only physician capable of giving useful prescriptions is one who bases his action upon anatomy, physiology, pathology, and a series of other positive sciences. How is it possible to detach the realistic practice from the scientific theory? In the final analysis all scientific knowledge—not only regarding medicine—grows from practical needs and serves these needs.

4. You write: "From the theoretical postulates of this *science* of Marxism, it followed that revolutionary opposition to the World War in 1914 was utopian, because the war and the war psychology inevitably flowed from the objective constellation of socio-economic forces of the time." This counterposing, it seems to me, is not understandable. The struggle against war would be "utopian" because the war flows inevitably from the objective circumstances. In the first place, the utopian ideas flow also from the objective circumstances. Secondly, the struggle against the "inevitable" events is not necessarily utopian, because the inevitable events are limited in time and space. Particularly, the war, being a historical "inevitability," proved "utopian" as a means of issuing out of the imperialist impasse.

5. You state: "Marx's gravest mistake was in not assigning greater values to the temporal coefficients of the process." This remark is just when applied to a great number of vulgar Marxists, especially of the epoch of the Second International, but it is absolutely false in relation to Marx himself.

When conditions permit I will return to this question in more comprehensive form; meanwhile, I remain, with comradely greetings,

Buyukada, Turkey, April 11 L. TROTZKY

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Leon Trotzky's letter affords me a welcome opportunity to clarify some points in my article which, judging by several inquiries I have received, have perplexed many readers of *The Nation.* First, I wish to indicate that Trotzky's final point (5) is based upon a linguistic misunderstanding of the sense in which I used the term "values." I use the term in its technical mathematical sense—as when we speak of the values of a function, variable, or argument. Trotzky takes the word in its ordinary connotation of "value" and consequently interprets me as saying that Marx's greatest error consisted in allowing capitalism too much time to run its course. My meaning is precisely the opposite. Marx expected the social revolution, at least in Western Europe, much sooner than it has come; the orthodox Marxists of the Second International, on the other hand, postponed the date to a future so indefinite that nothing they could do could have an appreciable effect upon it.

Points 1, 2, and 3 in Trotzky's letter are different facets of the same question, namely, whether Marxism is a science. I use the term "science" in its strict sense. Not everything which is called a science has a right to the name. It is well to remember that theology was once regarded as a science, and Hegel called his philosophy of absolute idealism *Wissenschaft.* By a science, as distinct from scientific method, I mean a body of knowledge consisting of sets of general propositions which systematize a mass of facts in such a way that by their means one group of facts may be inferred from another group of facts. All propositions of science are publicly verifiable and universal agreement about them is possible. Judgments of value or worth are consequently excluded. To be sure, human values or ideals may become the subject matter of scientific inquiry, but the scientific propositions which relate them with causal antecedents are not themselves normative.

From this point of view Marxism is more than an "objective science." It is a scientific method of achieving a class goal. It involves a series of normative judgments without which it becomes nothing but a set of "if—then" propositions, emasculated of class content and relevance, and devoid of revolutionary implications for action. Marxism asserts categorically that something *should* be done, and not merely neutral hypotheticals such as "*if* you want this, do that." All of Marx's objectively true descriptions of society are relevant to his revolutionary purposes, and it was Engels who defined communism as "the doctrine of the *requisites for the emancipation of the proletariat.*" One who grants the truth of the "science" of Marxism and stops there is not yet a Marxist. If this is denied, Hilferding's contention that it is possible to be a Marxist and yet violently oppose socialism cannot be met.

It is a commonplace that the physician's regulative prescriptions are conditioned by his knowledge of chemistry, anatomy, physiology, and the like. But the science of chemistry as such is indifferent to any regulative ideal. The social uses to which a science is put, as well as its social effects, are not constitutive parts of its subject matter, for they are evaluated from irreconcilably different class viewpoints. I do not deny that objective scientific truths have been discovered in the course of the systematic attempt to gratify practical needs—even class needs. But the distinction between the general propositions whose validity is independent of class values, and the specific application of these propositions to a context in which evaluations are made from conflicting class axes, cannot be called into question without reading the class struggle back into nature or taking it out of social life. To be sure, there are no hard and fast distinctions. But that is no excuse for lumping everything together. Further, it is far from clear that *all* scientific knowledge grows out of practical needs. Such a statement is either a tautology or a patent error: a tautology if practical need is identified to mean any kind of human interest; an error if it is assumed that every human interest is practical. What practical need, to use some stock examples, was behind the invention of the theory of conic sections in the fourth century B. C. (used by Kepler 1,900 years later in discovering the laws of planetary motion),

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of symbolic logic, the general theory of relativity—and, indeed, most of astronomy.

Point 4 in Trotzky's letter refers to the Social-Democratic conception of the science of Marxism. I claimed that its monistic, organic determinism was logically indistinguishable from fatalism, and that it made no adequate theoretical provision for the historical effects of *class-consciousness,* relative contingencies arising from qualities of leadership, favorable or unfavorable conjunctions of natural phenomena, and so on—not all of which were strictly deducible from socio-economic data alone. When the Second International spoke of the inevitability of socialism, it did not use quotation marks. That it fell into inconsistency by condemning acts of which it disapproved, when on its own dogma of inevitability such acts would have no consequence on the final outcome, is only additional evidence that any theory which overlooks the limited but important creative role of human knowledge and consciousness in history is useless.

In conclusion: Marxism is a scientific method of achieving a classless society. Its doctrines, in so far as they are verified by experience, are as objective as the propositions of any science. Here only insight is necessary. But as for its goal—the abolition of a class society—this expresses a philosophy, a morality, a creative commitment. It is not necessary—nor, on the theory of Marxism, is it possible—to convince the capitalist class of the superior ethical validity of a classless society. "Up to the present time," says Engels, "all ethical theory is in the last instance a testimony to the existence of certain economic conditions prevailing in any community at any particular time. We have not yet advanced beyond class morals. Real human morality, superior to class morality and its traditions, will not be possible until a stage in human history has been reached in which class antagonisms have not only been overcome but have been forgotten."

New York, May 10 SIDNEY HOOK

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Finance

Wall Street Faces the New Securities Act

WALL STREET is writhing in the shackles of the new Securities Act. Coming, ironically enough, in the midst of the greatest stock-market boom since the halcyon days of 1929, the new regulatory legislation has stayed the itching hand of Wall Street just as it was reaching out for the untold profits promised by the public's renewed appetite for stock gambling. The Securities Act was written primarily to protect purchasers of new issues. But the clause which for the time being at least is playing most havoc with Wall Street's traditional practices is contained in the second paragraph of section 12, which extends potential civil liability to the sellers of all securities, whether new or old, with the exception of government, State, municipal, and bank issues. Under these provisions anyone selling a security in interstate commerce by means of a prospectus or oral communication is civilly liable for recovery of the purchase price if his prospectus or oral communication "includes an untrue statement of a material fact or omits to state a material fact necessary in order to make the statements, in the light of the circumstances under which they were made, not misleading (the purchaser not knowing of such untruth or omission)," unless the seller shall "sustain the burden of proof that he did not know, and in the exercise of reasonable care could not have known, of such untruth or omission."

This paragraph not only strikes right at the heart of the routine Wall Street procedure of hustling customers into stocks on a customers' man's snap judgment, but also is embarrassing to the hoary Wall Street game of stock tipping, so convenient for successful pool operations. By affording buyers the chance of an effective come-back, the paragraph threatens to take much of the tang out of the familiar procedure whereby a brokerage house acquires a position in a stock through pool operations or otherwise, and then unloads its holdings on its customers at higher prices. One of the salient characteristics of a tip is its incompleteness; if a full exposition is required, the buying attraction of most tips quickly vanishes.

Finding, to its annoyance and fear, that much of the responsibility which it has always foisted on buyers has now been placed on its own unwilling shoulders, Wall Street has been displaying all the symptoms of an uneasy and panicky conscience. With some houses this has taken the form virtually of a blanket ban on giving any buying recommendations to customers. With practically all it has led to an entirely new hesitation in advising clients on how to clean up the market. In an amusing application of the new spirit of let the seller beware, some salesmen have been cautioned to restrict their recommendations to customers of known "ethical" character, ethical in this sense signifying those buyers who are not likely to turn on the sellers if their commitment proves sour!

In characteristic fashion many brokers moan that these provisions of the Securities Act will actually work a hardship on investors by depriving them of the expert advice of their brokers before purchasing securities. While, to be sure, the outside public notoriously lacks selective wisdom and the most elementary understanding of the actual values of the stocks it buys, the evidence of recent years indicates that customers are, broadly speaking, no better off when they follow the frequently uninformed, or if informed not disinterested, advice of the brokers. Indeed, the true source of this complaint is that a rigorous application of these provisions would require advice to be truly expert and disinterested. Wall Street has always shrunk from assuming responsibility in its dealings with the public, although the "better" houses managed to surround themselves with a professional aura. When the brokers happen to have the right inside dope—which is seldom—they do not want to share it with the outsiders, at least not until they have cleaned up on their own account.

However, it is still too early for a final rejoicing that the Wall Street racket has been tamed. Once the initial hysteria has passed, it is inevitable that loopholes will be found in the application of the law. What Wall Street is clamoring for is official interpretation of the act and the issuance of regulations by the Federal Trade Commission defining the more general language of the bill and thus simplifying the search for the way out. Much hope is pinned on the looseness of the phraseology in the final version of the bill, which was formulated after Wall Street interests had made urgent — and successful — protests against the original wording of this clause.

Brokers have not been the only ones to feel the effects of the act. Some gentlemen of the Fourth Estate will be severely cramped in their efforts to build up an estate of their own. Henceforth it will be unlawful for the newspaper boys to indulge in the old lucrative game of writing favorable pieces on individual stocks in exchange for stock options, calls, extra pocket money, and other favors from market operators. Fiorello La Guardia exposed some of these practices during the Congressional stock-market investigation last year. The clause of the bill which dries up this source of easy money is contained in section 17, which makes it unlawful for any newspaper or financial service to circulate an article or notice which "though not purporting to offer a security for sale, describes such security for a consideration received or to be received, directly or indirectly from an issuer, underwriter, or dealer, without fully disclosing the receipt, whether past or prospective, of such consideration and the amount thereof." In view of these provisions even the sedate *Wall Street Journal* is requiring its reporters to sign affidavits that their articles are not paid for by interested outsiders. Still, "consideration" may prove an elastic word.

The effect of the main portions of the bill—those governing new securities—has been relatively small up to the present, since Wall Street has been predominately concerned with the wild rush of the public to gamble in already issued securities. But when and if new capital issues again become feasible, cries of anguish will resound from the Street. Already dire prophecies are uttered that the responsibility of directors established in the bill will cause a dearth of reputable advisers for business, and that the new liabilities of underwriters will prevent the raising of needed capital. But if the bill abolishes unneeded directors who seek only inside information, and keeps some of the phony security offerings of the past decade off the market, legitimate business can struggle along.

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

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Books and Films

Mr. Keynes's Way Out

The Means to Prosperity. By John Maynard Keynes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. 30 cents.

THIS pamphlet has been selling on the newsstands now for several weeks, but the remarkable reputation enjoyed by its author, the great importance at the present moment of the questions it raises, and the possibility that either the plan it suggests or a very similar plan will be proposed to the World Economic Conference before that sad meeting adjourns, still make it worth examining at some length.

Mr. Keynes has just emerged in the pages of the latest *Yale Review* as a frank nationalist and isolationist, and his new nationalism is evident enough in the present pamphlet. The man who wrote in 1925, "I believe in free trade because, in the long run and in general, it is the only policy which is technically sound and intellectually tight," now writes:

> Currency depreciation and tariffs were weapons which Great Britain had in hand until recently as a means of self-protection. A moment came when we were compelled to use them, and they have served us well.

And again:

> For the conference to occupy itself with pious resolutions concerning the abatement of tariffs, quotas, and exchange restrictions will be a waste of time. In so far as these things are not the expression of deliberate national or imperial policies, they have been adopted reluctantly as a means of self-protection, and are symptoms, not causes, of the tension on the foreign exchanges.

The belief that tariffs are not causes of the tension on the foreign exchanges, but mere symptoms of it, is too astonishing for comment. It would be interesting to learn, moreover, what the evidence is for Mr. Keynes's belief that Great Britain's tariff has served that country well. There has been so far nothing to show but a steadily shrinking foreign trade on both sides of the balance.

Mr. Keynes believes that the only way out is through an extensive program of public works conducted within each country and financed by loans. It is highly desirable, he thinks, that this program should be undertaken simultaneously by the various nations. Partly to make such a simultaneous program possible, and apparently partly because he thinks the device will raise prices directly, he suggests the international issuance of what he calls gold notes, with a quota permitted to each country in proportion, say, to the gold held by that country at the end of 1928.

Now whatever may be said about the merits of a program of government expenditure (and a great deal may be said for it as a *supplementary* measure, to "start the ball rolling"), it can hardly be argued that it deals directly with the causes of the existing depression. The crisis has been attributed in recent years to more causes than it is possible to list, but so far I have not seen anyone contend that it was the result of a sudden shrinkage from previous governmental expenditures. One can argue, of course, that the crisis came because expenditure stopped *somewhere,* and that we need governmental expenditure as a substitute for this. But even in so far as this argument is valid, there are still two important questions to be asked about the proposed program: (1) What would be the probable net effect of a given volume of expenditure on employment, business activity, and general "purchasing power"; and (2) on what particular things should the government spend its money?

To both of these questions Mr. Keynes's answers are unsatisfactory. He begins with the usual contention that government expenditure will give employment not only to the men directly engaged in the project on which the money is spent, but to those who work on the raw materials and on their transportation; and he goes on to argue that the increased income to the direct and indirect contractors, and the employment given to the direct and indirect workers, will lead to additional expenditures by these on still other goods, which will in turn provide employment and income leading to the purchase of still other goods, and so on, ad infinitum. If this argument were taken seriously and without qualification, it would mean that a fresh one million dollars, spent privately or publicly, would multiply itself indefinitely and, given time, restore the world. Mr. Keynes is too sophisticated to take the argument without qualification; but the qualifications he makes are the wrong ones. He invents various "leakages":

> At each stage a certain proportion of the increased income is not passed on in increased employment. Some part will be saved by the recipient; some part raises prices and so diminishes consumption elsewhere, except in so far as producers spend their increased profits; some part will be spent on imports; some part is merely a substitution for expenditure previously made out of the dole or private charity or personal savings; and some part may reach the Exchequer without relieving the taxpayer to an equal extent.

And Mr. Keynes concludes that because of these "leakages" the amount of new purchasing power brought into being will be only twice the original amount of the new government expenditures.

But if we scrutinize these alleged leaks more closely, the existence of most of them becomes very doubtful. The part that is "saved" by the recipient is not lost to employment unless it is actually hoarded. If the recipient invests it in stocks or bonds, or places it in a savings bank which thereupon buys bonds with the proceeds, or banks it in a commercial bank which uses it for short-term loans or short-term government paper, he is presumably giving as much employment—though generally for the making of capital rather than of consumption goods—as if he had "spent" the money. Even if he buys old and not new bonds, he at least places purchasing power in the hands of the previous holder of the old bonds. Higher prices, again, of course mean higher profits, and there is no "leak" here either unless the producers actually hoard. As for the money that is spent on imports, it creates a credit which enables the selling countries to buy goods in return. Indeed, this is ultimately the only way in which those countries can make use of such a credit. It is true that the selling country might leave its credit as a loan or as the repayment of a debt previously owed; but this would be done only in so far as there was an *excess* of imports over exports.

The real reason why an increase of expenditure does not multiply itself indefinitely is of quite a different kind. We have to consider not merely the probable immediate effect of such expenditure upon incomes considered in monetary terms, but the actual degree of economic interdependence. In a society that was *completely* interdependent economically, any gain or loss of income at any one point would multiply itself indefinitely. Let us assume, for illustration, an economy made up of 100 completely interdependent industries, and let us say that for some reason the purchasing power of 25 per cent of these industries is destroyed. Immediately the remaining 75 industries, by losing one-fourth of their market, will have only three-fourths of their former purchasing power. But this means that any given industry will suffer not only the loss of one-fourth of its customers, but that its remaining customers will have only three-fourths of their previous purchasing power.

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Therefore its sales will be reduced to 75 per cent of 75 per cent, or 56 per cent. But as this will happen to each of the 75 remaining industries, this means that the sales of each will be reduced to 56 per cent of 75 per cent, or to 42 per cent, of their previous volume. And this process would continue indefinitely, approaching zero as a limit. Suppose, however, on the other hand, that we assume an economy made up of thousands of self-contained farms. If one-fourth of them were to disappear, it would not affect the economic welfare of the others at all, except in so far as they chose to provide for the ruined farmers. It is because we live under an economy largely but not entirely interdependent, and not because of "leaks" in purchasing power, that economic disaster or good fortune in one quarter spreads its effects widely but not indefinitely.

Finally, we have to remember that governmental spending, even when the funds are raised through the sale of government bonds, means a *net* addition to purchasing power only to the extent that the funds raised were funds previously hoarded, or to the extent that purchasers of the bonds borrow against them and create bank credit against them. With so many uncertain factors, we cannot say how much additional purchasing power a given volume of government spending will actually create. There is certainly no real warrant for assuming, as Mr. Keynes does, that it will create twice as much purchasing power as the amount originally spent.

When it comes to the particular purposes for which the government should spend its money, Mr. Keynes's contribution is equally unsatisfactory. He indicates at one point that he would spend in Great Britain £100,000,000 for housing; and in so far as these funds were spent on low-cost housing and on slum clearance, they would be more than well spent, for they would be endowing the lowest-income groups. But he also indicates that he would spend, for example, £7,000,000 on the new Cunarder. For this I can see no justification whatever. It would simply add to the oversupply of passenger liners; it would tend to force ocean passenger rates lower; and to that extent the completion of the liner would mean, in effect, the use of public funds to subsidize the wealthy traveler. But proposals of this sort always emerge when the mere act of spending is regarded as more important than the object upon which funds are spent. If the advocates of government spending for its own sake were logical, they would deplore the efforts toward reduction of armament expenditures as a direct blow to revival. Mere consistency, however, is certainly not allowed to stand in the way of our own Administration's "recovery" program. We are capable of fervent pleas for the international reduction of the crushing economic burden of war expenditures at the same time that we begin to spend hundreds of millions of dollars on new battleships because this will "make employment."

In so far as Mr. Keynes's scheme differs from preceding proposals, its main feature is the international issue of $5,000,000,000 in "gold notes." These notes would be obtainable by the participating countries against an equal face value of the gold bonds of their governments, up to a maximum quota for each country; and the quota would be fixed, say, in proportion to the gold held in reserve by each country at the end of 1928. Now it should be immediately obvious that each country already has the power to issue "gold notes" of this sort to any volume it wishes. All that Mr. Keynes's proposal would add would be the legal provision that in each participating country the gold notes of any other participating government "would be acceptable as the equivalent of gold, except that they should not enter into the active circulation but would be held only by treasuries, central banks, or in the reserves against domestic note issues."

What Mr. Keynes proposes, in brief, is that an enormous fiction be created, that we all conspire to believe that the gold supply of the world has been doubled; that an economic miracle of transubstantiation be performed through the blessing of the World Economic Conference, so that pieces of paper be called and thought of as actual gold. Mr. Keynes might reply that this is already what we do in issuing ordinary national currencies, like Federal Reserve notes. But aside from the fact that such notes, ordinarily, are ultimately backed to more than their full value by goods in process, and that they are maintained on a parity with gold, not by any arbitrary fiction, but by free convertibility into gold, and that this parity disappears as soon as the free convertibility ceases, no one has yet suggested the issuance of Federal Reserve notes to act as a reserve against the issuance of other Federal Reserve notes!

A gold reserve against currency issues is either necessary or it is not. If it is necessary it has to be real. If it is not necessary there is no point in creating a fraudulent one. Mr. Keynes does not suggest that each of the participating nations be made jointly and severally responsible for the total issue of the gold notes; he indicates, rather, that each country will be responsible merely for its own allotment. But this means that there would be no real international issue at all, but merely a set of simultaneous national issues. All that would be necessary would be for solvent countries to accept the obligations of bankrupt countries at face value: for example, though Bolivian and Chilean bonds are selling at 12 cents on the dollar, we should agree to accept their so-called "gold notes" at 100 cents on the dollar.

The failure of such a scheme is inevitable; but fortunately the scheme is wholly unnecessary. All that Mr. Keynes hopes to achieve through it could be achieved through a simultaneous devaluation of all national currencies in terms of gold. Mr. Keynes remarks, indeed, that such a step would offer "some advantages," but believes that it "has the great defect that it would only strengthen the position of those countries which already hold large reserves of gold and are, therefore, relatively strong." But it is obvious that such a move would not necessarily improve the *relative* position of any country. The world's maldistribution of gold, in any case, is not to be cured directly, but indirectly. In being so concerned with this maldistribution, Mr. Keynes is guilty of the very vice he finds so "dear to the heart of conferences,"—the vice, in short, of "deploring symptoms, whilst leaving the disease untouched."

HENRY HAZLITT

Lone Poet of the Loire

André Spire and His Poetry. By Stanley Burnshaw. With a Preface by Alfred Kreymborg. Philadelphia: The Centaur Press. $3.

ANDRE SPIRE is a lonely figure—a rare thing in France, where poets run in packs, and perhaps rarer in America, where all manner of men, like bacons and coffees, are dished up beneath the label of a standard brand. Mr. Burnshaw tries his best to meet the American taste for advertised products by comparing Spire, from mood to mood, with De Vigny, Whitman, Alfred Kreymborg, Harriet Monroe, Marianne Moore, T. S. Eliot, Elinor Wylie, MacKnight Black, E. E. Cummings, *et al.* The lone poet by the Loire is almost lost in the crowd. Luckily, Mr. Burnshaw knows the sham of labels, and knowing Spire as few men do, he gives behind the critic's conventional patter a shrewd and true portrait of a poet who will be remembered when the schools and their stencils have long gone to their textbook tombs.

Spire's first volume of poems, a slender one, did not appear until he was thirty-four. In this bit of chronology lies, perhaps, the essence of the man. He grew to be a poet in his maturity, and he remains, above all, a poet for mature minds.

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Like Bach—another label!—he may be lyric and passionate at will, but always with the severe and ripe restraint of a master. For all his melody and his sensitivity to the slightest tremor of emotion and touch of the senses, he cannot surrender the prerogative of maturity, which is to think like an unafraid, grown-up man. His music, however spontaneous and personal, rises from serene philosophic springs, fed on the old traditions of French skepticism and humanism and blended with an older Hebraic stream once known as the waters of Siloah. Not, heaven forbid, that he is an "intellectual"—he is too human and, I should say, too honest to be a Paul Valéry. Rather he is a poet (and now you may know whether you wish to read him or not) who loves all good things—justice, freedom, the workers, clouds, and the beauty of science and women—but is fooled by none of them.

Mr. Burnshaw's translations are preceded by a lengthy biography which, in the person of Spire, tours the last thirty years of French literary and intellectual history; and they are followed by a valuable essay on the structure and mechanics of French verse as illustrated by the startling discoveries of the Abbé Rousselot and his school of phoneticians—a mine of information for English readers. The translations themselves, as sensitive as any faithful rendering can be, sample the vintages of many years; and it is characteristic that, a true Meistersinger, Spire in his sixties can still sing a *schönes Lied*. His vineyard, like so many others along the Loire, yields better for age.

> Oh wind, you who have so often caressed my face,
> What will you carry from me, this blue-gray evening?
> And toward what other brow
> My sorrows or my dreams?

MARVIN LOWENTHAL

Marxism in France

The Beginnings of Marxian Socialism in France. By Samuel Bernstein. New York: Elliot Publishing Company. $2.

IT is a pompous university tradition, especially preposterous in the social sciences, that all doctors' dissertations are "original contributions" to human learning. That is, we are asked to believe that every February and June, or even oftener, a flock of creative savants are duly certified to enrich the world with their scholarship. Such affidavits are "granted" not merely in our half-dozen great universities but in about two score of glorified high schools. And there are probably more "doctors" produced in teachers' colleges, "graduate" schools of business and "social service," departments of "sociology," and other such pseudo-academic rackets than in the authentic social-science faculties of history, government, and economics.

The truth is, of course, that originality in scholarship is even rarer than in the arts. For in addition to an opposite endowment it requires a vast formal training. After all, doctoral dissertations, even when submitted to legitimate and competent faculties, are produced by comparatively immature men and women, mostly in their mid-twenties. Youth has many gifts but creative scholarship is not usually among them. To be sure, Paul Brissenden's "I. W. W." and Abram L. Harris's "Black Worker," both doctoral theses at Columbia, were studies of unusual breadth and penetration. But such rare exceptions only tend to stress the fact that in the appreciation of social phenomena mastery is not precocious. It is not the gathering of facts, or even their intelligent correlation, which matters. What matters is that glorified shrewdness, which is wisdom, in their evaluation which comes only from an intimate familiarity with the ways and tricks and class relations of social history. The average doctor's dissertation is but the final written test of an advanced student. As in other such examinations, say 5 per cent of such theses are good or better. Another 10 per cent are fair enough. And the rest are the sort of mental trash which explains why the rank and file of our Ph. Deocracy are such a sorry intellectual peasantry.

These considerations force themselves relevantly on the reviewer of Mr. Bernstein's thesis on "The Beginnings of Marxian Socialism in France." The reviewer is invited, both by the history department of Columbia University and by the author, to treat this slight and dull performance as a significant contribution to social history and doctrine. It is nothing of the sort. It is neither original nor mature. The jacket and the author to the contrary, the field under research has been examined microscopically many times. The heavy apparatus of research brings forth comically a few trite and false conclusions. And the whole study is strained by an obligatory search for originality, which twists minor errors into crucial blunders.

Mr. Bernstein begins his study with the remark that "the story of the beginnings of modern socialism in France has been a neglected field. Nothing has been written in English on the subject, and in French it has been treated very briefly." One wonders just where the author gets this notion, especially in view of the disproportionately stout bibliography he appends to his slender volume. To be sure, with the poor exception of Gide and Rist, there are no textbooks in the history of mainly French revolutionary theory. But there is an immense literature on French revolutionary political and social doctrine in the form of pamphlets, monographs, books, and especially in the vast journalistic output which characterizes all revolutionary controversy, which influenced profoundly Marx himself in his theory of revolutionary politics. The only way the author could delude himself that he was doing virgin research was by artificially delimiting "Marxism" to its most orthodox variety in the Kautskian sense, which in France played a rather minor role. It is this artificial limitation which, indeed, constitutes Mr. Bernstein's whole thesis. Yet modern socialism is a living doctrine, created by many factions and clarified by innumerable theoretical struggles. Like all great social movements, Marxism grew on its own inner oppositions, which gave it its propelling force. French syndicalism, which the author blandly neglects, is an excellent example of Marxism undergoing cultural changes under the stress of a national psychology, as was amply proved by Lewis Lorwin's treatise on the subject nineteen years ago.

To bolster up his theory that there could be no Marxian forces at work before the rise of orthodox Marxism, Mr. Bernstein has to believe that the Commune was not a proletarian rebellion at all because it was anterior to the influence of conscious orthodox Marxism in France. Into the making of the Commune, he rightly observes, went three streams of thought. They were eighteenth-century rationalism, the arrested Babouvist tendencies in the French Revolution, and the beginnings of modern socialism. Therefore, he argues, the Commune was not really a working-class uprising, and he rather dismisses Marx's justly famous pamphlet on "The Civil War in France," in which Marx treats both the Commune and its suppression by the white terror of Thiers as an authentic class war. What else in the world was it?

All through the little book Mr. Bernstein maintains that what is not strictly orthodox Marxism, which like all orthodoxies is far too controversial for definition, is not socialism, and thus manages to confine the rise of Marxism in France to the earlier political activities of Guesde and his disciples. By such methods one can easily prove that the British Labor Party has no Socialist connotations because of its revolutionary failure. But if we mean by Marxism the growing consciousness of labor, no matter how confused or agonized, in terms of non-utopian socialism, then Marxism played an enormous role in the whole of social life in France. Even the treachery of its Socialist ministers is part of it.

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In 1931 there appeared an exhaustive study on "The Labor Movement in Post-War France" by David J. Saposs. It is admittedly the standard work in any language on contemporary French socialism, syndicalism, communism, trade unionism, and the cooperative movement. Subtract the Marxian influence from it all and Mr. Saposs would have had nothing to write about. I know of no better answer to Mr. Bernstein's thesis.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Modern Music

Modern Composers. By Guido Pannain. Translated by Michael R. Bonavia. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.
Music of Our Day. Essentials and Prophecies. By Lazare Saminsky. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.

IT is difficult to see just who is likely to benefit from the publication of these two books. Those who know nothing of modern music will not find an intelligible initiation into it in either of them. And those to whom modern music is not unfamiliar will find hardly anything of importance to add to their knowledge or understanding.

The general discussion of the subject's background and artistic position with which Pannain begins each of his sketches of twelve composers—Stravinsky, Strauss, de Falla, Hindemith, Kodaly, Schönberg, Szymanowski, Ravel, Vaughan Williams, Busoni, Bloch, and Honegger—is often keen and suggestive, though rather too impressionistic to be very useful. But his critical remarks are seldom original or informing, even when they are intelligible. And the methods of discussion themselves are often useless. There is passing reference to numerous works in a way that contributes nothing at all to one's understanding of the composer. What does one learn about Szymanowski when one reads of his Studies for Pianoforte (Op. 33) that "the eighth is grave and pathetic. The ninth is like the leaping of elves; the tenth, a tremendous hurricane. The eleventh is similar to the eighth"? The occasional musical examples are often rather misleading than otherwise: "Romantic melody in Schönberg's hands becomes utterly false, as this example clearly shows." "This example," which follows, consists of nine measures of a single melodic line torn from its context and accompaniment. Clearly these nine measures can show nothing of the sort; I could take nine measures out of the Ninth Symphony or "Tristan and Isolde" that would be almost as meaningless. A chapter on American music, doubtless added for the translation, is negligible.

Saminsky's "Music of Our Day" is a greater hodge-podge of greater knowledge. If the subject matter were better organized, the erudition more purposefully and less ostentatiously displayed, the flashes of insight and critical brilliance followed up with more solid matter, its pretentious style would be less annoying. "History is bookkeeping of week days"—similar Cabellisms strut through the pages of a wandering, whimsical discussion.

Both books are incomplete and inaccurate. Pannain omits works as important as Hindemith's "Marienleben," Szymanowski's "Stabat Mater," Stravinsky's "Serenade" from his listings, and his biographical material leaves Bloch at the Cleveland Institute, from which he has been gone nearly ten years. The smaller inaccuracies of Saminsky are doubly irritating on account of his fancy style: on page 229 he refers to the "banal Oriental scale, Frigian with the augmented third"; on page 232 it is the "popular Oriental scale (Phrygian with the major third)." "Debyssian," "Lehryahre," "Fife Orchestra Pieces," "Heinrich Shütz"—sloppy editing of this sort would be less annoying in a less ornate text.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Arnold Bennett's Journal Ends

The Journal of Arnold Bennett, 1921-1928. The Viking Press. $3. (Also available in one volume instead of three, of which this is the third, at $5.)

ARNOLD BENNETT lived sixty-four years. He wrote dozens of novels and plays, literally thousands of articles for magazines and newspapers; his aim, in fact, which he faithfully achieved year after year, was to do a stint of 1,000 words a day. He dined out often and entertained many visitors in his own house; he went to plays, heard music, played the piano, danced a great deal in his last years, enjoyed the society of a number of women and a large number of men, most of them well-known literary men. In the course of thirty-odd years of furious activity, mainly literary and journalistic, he wrote two novels which can be placed with the small group of English novels of the first rank. If this seems like a great deal of writing for the production of two great novels only, let us not complain too bitterly. "Clayhanger" and "The Old Wives' Tale" remain. They were drawn from the inner hatreds that Arnold Bennett's childhood engendered: hatred of poverty, mainly, as exemplified in the life of the five pottery towns. All his life Arnold Bennett tried to escape from his childhood. He escaped by writing the five-towns novels; he escaped by knowing the best, that is, the richest or most illustrious, people, by making money, by owning a yacht, by living in luxurious hotels. Into his journal, the record of his daily life for thirty-two years, he poured all these attempts to escape. He showed himself as a complete man, with all the talents, vices, shortcomings, and spurts of generosity that he, Arnold Bennett, that unique human being, had. His journal is indispensable for anyone who aspires to write novels; it is indispensable for anyone who likes to see a character full-drawn, whether in truth or fiction. That he often showed himself trivial, boorish, grasping, makes the character study only the more interesting; for he showed himself also to have at least one large, persistent, unquenchable virtue, namely, devotion to his calling. And these volumes of his journal place him among the great diarists of any time.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Mr. Fry on French Art

Characteristics of French Art. By Roger Fry. Coward-McCann. $3.75.

TO say something original about a subject on which countless volumes have been written is no easy task. And yet Roger Fry, with his characteristic talent for seeing below the surface of things, has succeeded in making a profound and, since he also has a flair for expressing himself vividly, a delightful book of his observations. His style is simple and terse—a refreshing holiday from the discursive jabber of the average art critic—and his thought is never garbled or obscure. At times, it is true, his critical vocabulary, by virtue of the service it performs, is technical; but only reasonably so. There is no cause for any reader with even a rudimentary knowledge of the material under discussion to find this a stumbling-block.

In general plan—but in no other way—this book closely resembles Clive Bell's recent book on the same subject. Roger Fry seeks to determine what are the qualities most characteristic of the French genius, to trace their origin, and to show the numerous contradictory forms they have assumed from the early thirteenth century until the death of Cézanne at the beginning of the present century. It is obviously impossible to treat seven centuries of French art exhaustively in a little under

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45,000 words, and Mr. Fry does not attempt it. But all things considered, the gain in precision and brevity more than offsets whatever abbreviations or omissions were necessary.

In his opening chapter Mr. Fry defines, as we suggested, the dualistic nature of the French genius. He finds that "the French are on the one hand singularly aware of life, and on the other capable of a great detachment from it, an intense love of the free exercise of the mind." Nor is he foolhardy enough to make a law of a generalization. He is fully aware, for example, that while the painter Chardin gave plastic interpretations to the middle-class world in which he lived, Poussin, who was the "slave of rhetorical conventions," could only see the world through the veil of classical antiquity. He also takes cognizance of the fact that Géricault and Delacroix exemplify "neither the alert consciousness of actual life nor the passion for ordered construction." "If one had to choose one artist as the typical representative of the French genius, I for one should choose Degas."

He makes this statement with his eyes open to Degas's shortcomings. "He lacked," Roger Fry argues, "the special sensuality of the painter. He was not in love with the material quality of objects but only with an almost intellectual abstract of them." Unerringly Mr. Fry strikes at the core of whatever happens at the moment to be in the focus of his vision. I could cite many examples, but two will suffice: "Ingres's supreme gift is his astonishing feeling for contour"; his weakness, "his incapacity to apprehend more than a single volume at a time." Another instance of Mr. Fry's perspicacity is to be found in his analysis of Delacroix: "What is original with Delacroix is the idea of a knot of agitated forms surrounded by space." However, "he never seems to perform the miracle of the real colorist who creates a chord which means more than the sum of all its elements."

It would be indeed unfortunate if, for any reason, this book failed to receive the reception it deserves. Mr. Fry, as I have tried to indicate, has a comprehensive understanding of his subject and writes with a fine, analytical clarity. His text is generously illustrated. E. M. Benson

Shorter Notices

Julia Newberry's Diary. With an Introduction by Margaret Ayer Barnes and Janet Ayer Fairbank. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

The journal of a young Chicago girl from her sixteenth to her eighteenth year, that is, from 1869 to 1871. Julia went to Europe, which she disliked, came back to Chicago, which she loved, met on her travels many interesting and famous persons, and in her diary was perfectly frank in her comments about their appearance and character. She reveals herself as a sort of Daisy Ashford grown up; a very astute Daisy Ashford, with an astonishingly adult taste in literature. A traveler in Europe, she was by no means unaware of the stirring events which in 1870 were rocking portions of that continent; the Chicago fire was to her a desperate personal loss instead of a moment in history. Her journal is a refreshing and amusing mixture, therefore, of the enthusiasms of sixteen with the experiences ordinarily more common to an older mind. Accepting it as it is offered, as the authentic diary of a sixteen-year-old girl written sixty years ago, one can only wish that Julia had lived to write more.

World Panorama: 1918-1933. By George Seldes. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

This work is certainly not history, though it is packed with history. Nor can it properly be called journalism, for it has not the straightaway, well-balanced interpretative style of the good journalist. Perhaps it would be best to call it machine-gun journalism. It is made up mostly of news-flashes. Facts gleaned from the headlines are shot at the reader in breathless, relentless fashion. For example: "The year 1932 goes down in history as the worst since 1893, according to United States Census Bureau. The villages Monte San Giacomo and Sassano refuse to pay taxes; Mussolini sends fascist militia to collect. Stalin orders soldiers to force *kulaki* to pay grain tax. American customs suppress soviet posters addressed to Thomas Lamont by son Corliss Lamont, who went Communist." And so it blazes away, covering, as it seems, all the recorded facts of human activity from the end of the World War to the departure of the United States from the gold standard. Yet the work has about it a certain unity and purpose, though this unity and purpose do no more than sum up the political, economic, social, and spiritual confusion of the last fourteen years. Despite his rattling style Mr. Seldes rarely becomes boring; and despite his speed, for he is covering the whole world and must move rapidly, Mr. Seldes still has time to drop a cynical remark now and then which has the effect of clearing the atmosphere and revealing much of the sham of the age in which we are living.

Selected Poems of George Edward Woodberry. Houghton Mifflin and Company. $2.50.

Selected Letters of George Edward Woodberry. Edited by Walter De La Mare. Houghton Mifflin and Company. $3.50.

As a critic George Edward Woodberry, within the limits of his academicism, was intelligent and perspicacious, if not very original. As a poet he showed even greater academicism, and though at times—as in The Sicilian—he is salty and pointed, he wrote generally in the deep shadow of traditional and reflected emotions. It is the fate of many teachers to be greater in their personalities than in their talents and intellects, and no written achievement quite does credit to their influence. Woodberry was preeminent among such men. If his niche in American literature is narrow and if it is doubtful that his reprinted poems "will win favor with a new generation of readers," he occupied a broad place in the hearts of those who knew and were taught by him. Few teachers have had such continued, sincere, and gracious tokens of gratitude as the Woodberry Society and, during the war, the Woodberry Ambulance. His letters show him to have been a brave man and an almost saintly one. The new America frightened and bullied him, and very early the letters take on an elegiac strain. To meet the stress of a new world he had only the weapons of courtesy, courage, friendship, and the emotional attitudes of a past time. These could not save him from frustration of a kind but they invested his defeat with dignity.

The Gloomy Egoist: Moods and Themes of Melancholy from Gray to Keats. By Eleanor M. Sickels. Columbia University Press. $4.75.

The themes of death, ruin, and mutability have always been prevalent in English literature; Anglo-Saxon is at its best when it uses them, and the poetry of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is saturated with them. The chief purpose of Miss Sickels's thorough and scholarly book is to show the connection between this convention of melancholy "sensibility" and the *Weltschmerz* of the romantic poets. From a purely literary point of view—by the adduction of influences and the comparison of literary "properties" such as graves, ruins, owls, and so forth—she establishes the connection admirably. But she does not attempt to answer the wider question of why the melancholy of the nineteenth century had relevance and reality enough to make great poetry, while its earlier counterpart was, with a few notable exceptions, productive only of dulness.

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Films

The Bogy of Hollywood

REPORTING on Edward G. Robinson's "Little Giant" a few weeks ago, this column pointed out, with mild alarm, that this most recent and probably last of the gangster films reflected a barbarism of moral and social values more complete than that of any other picture viewed this season. Particular references were made to a scene of brutal physical torture and to a use of underworld vocabulary so uninhibited that it was hard to believe the picture had been passed by any board of censors. In the meantime there has come from the presses a book about the Hollywood movie so devastating in its arrangement of facts and statistics, so challenging in its final conclusions, that very little more need be said on the subject for some time. "Our Movie-Made Children"* is actually a kind of popular summary by Henry James Forman of the results of the four-year survey carried out by the Motion Picture Research Council, working under the Payne fund, for the purpose of determining the effects of movie attendance on children and young people. The group of scientists, psychologists, sociologists, and educators specially selected for the task have recorded their findings in twelve separate reports, not all of which have yet appeared, and what Mr. Forman has done is to give us the substance of these reports in a more convenient and possibly more correlated form. His book is plainly intended for parents, teachers, and others interested in the young; its pages are too full of statistics to be found very entertaining by the casual reader; and to some readers its conclusions will seem so obvious as to be in little need of the elaborate support which is built up for them. The importance of the book, as a matter of fact, lies not so much in the novelty of its materials as in the thoroughly scientific manner in which they are arranged and presented. For the first time it establishes a groundwork of factual reference for the often uninformed diatribes of ministers, educators, and others who have railed against Hollywood standards since the beginning. It sets up a formidable picket fence of statistics which Hollywood must cut through if it is to hold its own with a large section of the movie-going public. According to *Variety*, which is itself a register of popular response, certain producers are already talking of organizing a staff of equally well-trained experts to refute some of the facts in the Payne investigation.

After offering the moderate estimate that there are 77,000,000 people in the United States who attend the movies at least once a week, and that of these at least 28,000,000 are under twenty-one years of age, Mr. Forman endeavors to sum up for us the different effects of this attendance as measured by the various Payne investigators. By means of the hypnograph, for example, one of the chief physical effects was determined, namely, an increased restlessness in sleep of about 26 per cent over normal for boys and of about 14 per cent for girls. Emotional effects were measured largely by means of the psycho-galvanometer, which showed that in the case of ordinary danger pictures the intensity of emotional reaction of adolescents is twice as great as that of adults, and that of younger children three times that of adults. Pulse and heart beat were found to increase at times to double the normal rate. For the most interesting portions of their research, those concerned with social and ethical effects, the investigators were of course lacking in such convenient instruments of measurement and were forced to rely on questionnaires, autobiographical accounts, and testimonials. Inmates of prisons, reform schools, and homes for delinquent girls were among those called upon to give evidence against the movies

* The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

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as a school for crime and delinquency. Several young criminals admitted to having learned their techniques from the screen; as many as thirty-one such techniques were listed by one of the members of the committee. Similarly, many of the girl inmates in institutions for sex delinquents attributed their downfall to the alluring version of luxury and vice presented on the screen. Perhaps the climax of Mr. Forman's analysis of the strong "imitative appeal" of the movies is reached when he cites the example of "Little Caesar," a picture whose influence is held responsible for no less than two murders involving young admirers of Edward G. Robinson's scowling little gang leader.

In general, the elements in that situation are set down in this book with considerable care, fairness, and restraint. Except in one or two instances there is no effort to substitute a priori conclusions for an adequate presentation of facts. The only striking instance of the sort is the treatment of the question whether the "moral endings" of certain crime pictures do not serve to cancel out some of their incidental effects and in some cases act as a deterrent to imitation. It does seem probable that for the *average* spectator over nine years old the horrible fates meted out to the chief characters in films like "Public Enemy" and "Little Caesar" should do much to reduce whatever attractiveness they may possess. In approaching this question, however, the Payne investigators chose to address themselves to the inmates of penal institutions, to a class which was already habituated to crime and so little likely to make a normal moral response. It should also be remarked that Mr. Forman attacks the movies for using themes and subjects which have been used by literature and drama from time immemorial. The disgusting "trinity of love, sex, and crime," to which Mr. Forman refers as if it were some invention by Cecil B. De Mille or Adolf Zukor, has actually provided the subject matter of serious drama from Aeschylus to Eugene O'Neill. In his implied attitude toward these themes, as well as in his expressed taste in movie productions ("Ben Hur" and "The Covered Wagon" are among his chief favorites), Mr. Forman reveals the chief weakness not only of his own position but of the whole type of mentality that engages in such concentrated assaults on different forms of contemporary expression. It is the sort of weakness that comes out naively in Mr. Forman's remark, following a discussion of sixteen- and seventeen-year-old girl delinquents: "That they were possessed of a propensity to sexual experience is entirely likely." It is the sort of weakness that leads Mr. Forman to believe that the purpose of the films should be "to build up rather than break down the principles of conduct which have made the American nation." In other words, Mr. Forman is for preserving our innocence by an ostrich-like policy of burying our heads beneath the wreckage of the twentieth-century world.

The real answer to the problem so elaborately outlined in this work is that there can be no salvation for the movies or for the children who go to them until the civilization which produces both decides to do something about itself. Love, sex, and crime are treated as they are in the current Hollywood films because, whatever else we may think of them, those films reflect the main interests and tendencies of contemporary American life. And if they are treated so often with vulgarity, stupidity, and a complete absence of all traditional values, the fault is not so much with Hollywood as with the world which Hollywood mirrors on its silver screen. If that world is not a fit spectacle for a child to contemplate, it is no more fit for an adult, and nothing in it will be improved by pretending that it is otherwise. "Our Movie-Made Children" is chiefly interesting and valuable as another case-report, by a group of specialists, of a malady that is so profound and complex that no single remedy can be prescribed.

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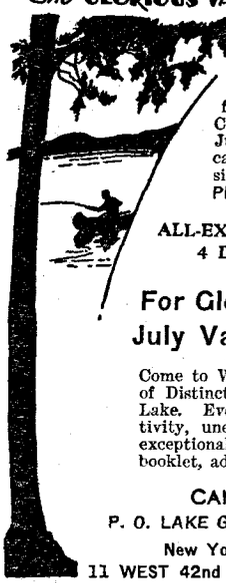

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